PRICE 10 CENTS

SATURDAY NIGHT

JANUARY 16, 1943

VOL. 58, NO. 19 • TORONTO, CANADA

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

The Front Page

THE licensing and disciplining authority in respect of beverage rooms in the province of Ontario is the provincial government. The policing authority—that which prosecutes for infractions of the licensing laws and regulations—is normally also that of the province; but there is a provision in the Act which sets forth that where a municipality desires to take over, with its own police force, the policing of the licensed premises it may do so and shall thereafter receive all fines imposed for breaches of such regulations.

As this looked like a considerable net gain to the municipalities, whose police forces at the time were adequate to cope with this new duty without any additional personnel, it was quite generally availed of, with the result that in nearly all Ontario municipalities with a local police force the licensed premises have been policed by an authority which has nothing to do with the granting, suspending, cancelling or withholding of licenses. More important even than that, in Toronto, where the policing has become a vastly more difficult task by reason of the influx of new population and the increased incomes of the mass of the residents, it has had to be carried out by a police force which in recent years has fallen far short of required numbers.

The province, whose police force is probably less overworked and has the advantage that its members can be moved from one municipality to another as conditions require, has now taken over the task of policing the beverage rooms, while leaving the fines in the hands of the municipalities. The success or otherwise of the new move will obviously depend altogether on the skill and energy with which the provincial police perform their duties, and on one other factor which we mention with some hesitation, but which may be important—the extent to which "protective" influences can be neutralized in the prosecutions. That provincial authorities should be less amenable to these influences than local authorities seems a reasonable assumption.

We find it rather courageous in Mr. Conant to be willing to tackle a most difficult problem of which he could go on washing his hands if he wished (for the municipalities were not in the least likely to throw it back on his hands by giving up the fines), and we wish him every success. That he has been firm enough to resist the many proposals for radical curtailment of the hours and facilities for the sale of beverages for "on" consumption is also a matter for congratulation. Wartime conditions are ideal for the growth of bootlegging, and it is vastly better that beer should be consumed in properly regulated and orderly public places than in the disorderly dives which grow up when such consumption is prohibited.

Modified Ruml Plan

THE author of the Ruml or Pay-as-you-go Tax Plan, Mr. Beardsley Ruml of the New York Reserve Bank, will be in Canada next week and will address several audiences on the merits of the plan. Meanwhile advices from Washington are to the effect that its advocates have figured out a way of meeting the one serious political objection to their scheme, namely the charge that it is a "forgiving" of taxes and therefore means more to the rich than to the poor. (The plan calls for the treating of the currently collected tax as a tax on the income out of which it is collected, instead of a tax on the income of a full year ago in the American case and eight months ago in the Canadian.) The device is to leave the past obligation standing in the case of any individual tax payment over $2000, but defer it from year to year, eventually collecting it either in instalments or as an addition to death duties.

It is becoming a matter of universal recognition now that in the case of the small taxpayer immediate collection, by the withholding process, from the income as it arrives is the only safe, just and effective method of handling. We have now the utmost confidence that Mr. Ilsley will adopt it, perhaps with something like the above-described safeguard, at an early date.

THE VALUE OF CAMOUFLAGE IN JUNGLE FIGHTING HAS BEEN DEMONSTRATED BY THE JAPS. THIS U.S. SNIPER WEARS GREASE PAINT TO MATCH HIS UNIFORM.

The CBC and the WEA

THE last has not been heard of the dispute between the CBC and Mr. Drummond Wren's Workers' Educational Association. The Toronto *Telegram*, in deciding that "three main points emerge" from this dispute, all of them discreditable either to the CBC or to Mr. Howe, seems to have failed to consider any of the three most important of the relevant documents, all of which are available to the public. These are the text of the anonymous letter which was broadcast by the WEA on November 25, the text of Mr. Wren's letter to the CBC stating that he had "every reason to believe" in the authenticity of the statements in that letter but failing to give any single one of such reasons, and the paragraph in General Manager Thomson's statement announcing that President Norman Mackenzie of the University of New Brunswick has been asked, with the consent of both the CBC and the WEA, to make a report on the incident. He had not yet reported up to the time of our going to press. To these we might add a fourth document, equally available, in the shape of Mr. Grant Dexter's report in the Winnipeg *Free Press* on the actual conditions in the industry referred to in the anonymous letter; but we realize that the *Telegram* might regard this as less worthy of its consideration.

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Is Mitch Premier?

See article by "V.E.G." on page 7

We do not propose to discuss this dispute further in our own columns until President Mackenzie has made his report, and if that report justifies the *Telegram's* contention that the "main points" which emerge "support the opinion that the CBC has permitted itself to become the Charlie McCarthy of C. D. Howe" we shall be delighted to congratulate the newspaper on its penetration. In the meantime, having in mind its very frequent expressions of opinion concerning various other CBC broadcasters, and notably Professor Watson Thomson of Winnipeg, we can only congratulate it on its passionate determination that nobody shall interfere with freedom of speech on the radio except itself.

Labor's Behavior

MR. JUSTICE McTAGUE, who is rather noted among Canadian jurists for his ability to appreciate the viewpoint of labor in industrial differences, has reported on the disputed issue in the recent Windsor automobile strike, and has completely upheld the contention of the company that the women whose scale of pay was alleged to be below the rate fixed by the company's agreement with the union were engaged in clerical work only and were in no way subject to the agreement. It thus appears that a week's operations in an enormous plant were held up, and great quantities of munitions were kept from being produced, as the result of a claim which has been declared invalid by a most impartial referee, and which was of a kind whose invalidity should have been capable of being established in ten minutes by any reasonable inquirer. The difference between clerical work and non-clerical work in a motor industry can hardly be one of those border-line matters about which honest men can honestly hold two opinions after looking carefully into the facts.

The case is not improved by the fact that the time of the strike coincided with that of the municipal elections in Windsor, and that there is reason to suppose that the strike was called largely with a view to influencing the voting. The general officers of the union do not seem to have been very enthusiastic about it, having doubtless only a limited interest in Windsor local politics, but the local influences prevailed.

In Montreal an even more striking example of the local membership getting out of hand so far as head-office control is concerned was afforded during the past week-end by the Aircraft division of the International Association of Machinists. The Montreal *Gazette's* report of Sunday's meeting makes it clear that all the officers of this local, headed by Robert Haddow, the Grand Lodge representative, used the strongest arguments at their disposal to dissuade the members from adopting the resolution to strike, but were repeatedly howled down, and finally lost their case by an overwhelming majority. The Montreal aircraft workers, who have what must be conceded to be a grievance in the fact that the established wage levels in Montreal are substantially below those of Ontario, were obviously encouraged to this procedure by the fact that the Windsor workers "got away with" an illegal strike.

The allegation that "conditions of work" have much to do with the unrest of workers at the present time is not borne out by these two outstanding cases. The Montreal case is concerned solely with wages, and the Windsor case was concerned solely with the wages of a few women workers who were not even subject to the agreement between union and plant, and who were themselves perfectly satisfied.

It is a definitely illogical element in labor's case, that it is always demanding that employ-

(*Continued on Page Three*)

SEDLEY ANTHONY CUDMORE —*Photo by Karsh.*

NAME IN THE NEWS

Master of Our Statistics

BY COROLYN COX

STATISTICS have never been so important as today. Sedley Anthony Cudmore, M. A. (Oxon), F.R.S.S., F.S.S., Dominion Statistician, presides over one of the most interesting and important departments of the Ottawa Government. Our Dominion Bureau of Statistics is in fact one of Canada's great distinctions, and an accomplishment that puts the country out in the front of social as well as economic progress. Without the amazing picture of detailed Canada and Canadian life that is gathered here, wartime controls and wartime production as we know them today would be quite impossible.

Seamiest rabbit warren among the government properties houses the Bureau. It manages in some way to function in a mouldering brick excrescence that straggles over a fine site above Rideau Falls on the high bank of the Ottawa River, looking more like a defunct brewery than a Government Department.

Through what looks like a barn-door entrance and a series of horse stalls, up a back staircase and down a narrow corridor where you trip over gals bending over files, you find Professor Cudmore in an unprepossessing office of which the only distinction is its magnificent view over the river.

You find a quiet-spoken Irish gentleman, with fires burning in his eyes and a mellowed humor that charms. Brains like his, disciplined as his have been, are rare anywhere. His wealth of experience, imagination and human understanding make him an exceptional conversationalist. But Ottawa does not find that out, because he is a home man, never found in clubs, and the few men he drops in upon never know when he is coming and wouldn't want to share the treat with a crowd if they could.

Cudmore's life history reads like a Horatio Alger yarn. His father was a gentleman farmer in the South of Ireland, went down in the depression of the 1880's, emigrated to Canada as a last resort. Sedley was born in Millstreet, Ireland, in 1878. When his mother died, almost immediately he was sent to her people in the town of Moville, which is the home of General Montgomery of current African fame. Cudmore's people, the Sedleys, and the Montgomerys were friends, and both families shared the finest British army tradition. Cudmore has in his possession the family medals of the Peninsula, Waterloo and India. His grandfather, Lt. Col. Sedley, became Governor of that distinguished though impecunious fellowship, the Military Knights of Windsor.

Cudmore was but nine and a half when his people shipped him out to Canada, all alone, to rejoin his father up in Peel County. His father hadn't made it, never did make it, was too established in his ways to adapt himself to Canada and win its battle. Small Cudmore was put to board in Brampton, and was a lonely, unhappy little boy. Not very pleasant, is all he will say of those years. There was a turn served as printer's devil that wasn't fun. Then when he was about fifteen and able to shift for himself, he got into a family where there were children going to school, returned to high school and had a great time. Brains he had and the love of using them. He emerged from high school with the Prince of Wales Scholarship for Toronto University. He was away.

Going to Oxford

Two years out, partly as principal of Alton public school, took care of the expense money needed to supplement his scholarship funds. He took Classics and English History Honors, graduated in 1905 with the Governor General's Gold Medal for General Proficiency, the McCaul Medal for Classics and the Flavelle Fellowship to Oxford.

He was by then twenty-seven years of age, too old for undergraduate pranks and petty restrictions, but by the same token the better able to make the most of his association with men of topflight brains whose lectures he heard, such as Ernest Barker, H. A. L. Fisher and Edgeworth in Economics.

When he returned to Canada in 1908, Cudmore hoped to become a journalist, of all things! But times being bad and journalism chronically threadbare, he started his career as an instructor in Economics at Toronto University, rose to Assistant Professor by 1917.

Oddly enough, first systematic census of modern times was taken in Canada, back in 1666, when Jean Talon, at the behest of Louis XIV, did a good lot of it personally, from door to door. It is perhaps in keeping to find Canada in 1918 establishing what has become a model central bureau of statistics. Then as now, wartime production stimulated the government of the day to take the step that had been long contemplated. R. H. Coats, first Dominion Statistician, created the Bureau, had the vision to conceive of the life of the people as a unity, including its demographic aspect. When he spoke of mines, he didn't imply just minerals in the ground, but visualized the men who worked in them, the machinery they used, the capital invested and all the comprehensive data involved in any mining operation. The Act authorizing the establishment of the Bureau under the Minister of Trade and Commerce lists its duties as to collect, abstract, compile and publish statistical information relative to the commercial, industrial, social, economic and general activities and condition of the people; to collaborate with all other departments of the Government in the compilation and publication of statistical records of administration according to regulations; to take the census of the Dominion.

Cudmore came to Ottawa, at the request of Dr. Coats, to work in the Bureau during the summer of 1918, prepared a plan for better publicizing trade statistics and submitted a memorandum on how to put education statistics on a Dominion-wide basis. Result was he was asked to join the staff of the Bureau and did so in the fall of 1919. He began as Chief of Educational Statistics, and the next year was made editor of the Canada Year Book and Chief of the General Statistics branch of the Bureau. For fifteen years he edited the Year Book and in 1922-23 effected a reorganization of it resulting in a more comprehensive treatment of Canada.

Cudmore was sent to England in 1926 as Economic Advisor to the Imperial Conference, and was a member of the Canadian section during the Ottawa Conference of 1932. In 1935 he was a delegate to the British Commonwealth Statistical Conference.

Loaned to Jerusalem

By this time Canada's Dominion Bureau of Statistics had acquired an international reputation. When the Government of Palestine decided to set up a central statistics bureau, it asked the Canadian Government for the loan of one of its officials. Prof. Cudmore went out to Jerusalem in 1935, put in three stimulating years.

English, Arabic and Hebrew were the languages of Palestine, with administration of the government in the hands of the British Colonial Office. It was a great hunting-ground for a language enthusiast and classics scholar. Archaeologists abounded. Arabs, Jews and Americans belonged to the local Rotary Club, which Cudmore was induced to join by the persistence of the U.S. Consul.

The whole Palestine episode was a huge success for Cudmore, and he accomplished a constructive job for which Canada may be proud of her distinguished citizen. His Department called him back in 1938, appointed him Assistant Dominion Statistician the next year. On the retirement of Dr. Coats he became acting chief and last April was confirmed as Dominion Statistician. He serves on the Demobilization and Rehabilitation Committee and is a past president of the Professional Institute of the Civil Service.

Expanded functions of Government as a result of the war have vastly extended the scope of the Bureau. Urgent demand for statistical material comes from one department after another. Canada's own unique invention, the compressed air machine designed in Ottawa, permits amazingly swift use to be made of the 1940 National Registration and the '41 census. Sixteen departments and sixteen hundred employees cope with the statistics bottleneck and make an amazing good job of it.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Socialism and Liberty

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN YOUR January 2 issue Mr. P. C. Armstrong says: "Every single step in the socialization of a community is a step away from liberty." This raises the question, "Liberty for whom, liberty for what?"

The socialization we in Canada should naturally be concerned with is that of the C.C.F. This, according to their program, involves the democratic operation and control of industry, that is, direct participation of the workers in management. What is now generally accepted as democracy is voting men to Parliament "to run the country." But that part of the country which most intimately affects our daily lives, our welfare and peace of mind—the means of production—is left in the hands of private, non-elective, practically irresponsible individuals. Such an extension of democracy as is visualized by the C.C.F. would quite obviously be an enlargement of the workers' liberty (and they are the great majority) instead of a step away from it as Mr. Armstrong contends.

Perhaps the chief cause of industrial unrest today is not on the score of wages but because of the denial of a voice in the control of working conditions. This fact, together with the demand for the setting up of labor-management committees to promote production, is an indication that the time is now ripe for another forward step in social progress.

Security of livelihood—freedom from want and freedom from fear—is another essential of C.C.F. socialization. Without these there can be no genuine liberty. Mr. Armstrong makes the common mistake of regarding socialism as simply a vast extension of public ownership as we have it today. The Co-operation of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation means not only co-operation of the various industries in a planned economy but the raising of the status of the individual to that of partner from that of mere "hand."

Hamilton, Ont. IAN MACALISTER.

Mr. MacAlister seems to us to be importing too many of the advantageous features of capitalism into his socialistic state. The socialists, and the C.C.F. among them, propose to abolish all competition. Competition is the regulative force which at present determines the exchange relationships of all goods and services—which establishes how many bushels of wheat and how many hours of ditch-digging or kettledrum-playing shall exchange for one automobile or one suit of clothes. Abolish competition, and the terms on which all these exchanges are to be made will have to be settled by some authority—and that authority must be the authority of the state. The same is true of the "planned economy" of which the socialists are so fond; it must be planned by somebody, and that somebody is not going to be the worker in the factory nor the farmer in the field; it is going to be the functionary appointed by the state to exercise the powers of the state.—Ed.

The Problem of Italy

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

THE subtle shadings which Mr. Raymond A. Davies gives to facts in his seemingly ingenuous articles have frequently amused me. In view of Mr. Willson Woodside's pointed question, "Are we backing Europe's conservative forces?" in your issue of November 28, I must draw attention to a curious (and unsupported) assertion made by Mr. Davies in his article on Italy in the same issue:

"Debate is beginning as to the type of state to succeed Mussolini fascism. But the best liberal elements of Italian thought are calling for unity around the key objective of getting Italy out of the Hitler war. Other problems, they say, can be settled later."

Count Carlo Sforza, leader of the Free Italian Movement to which Mr. Davies refers, thinks otherwise. Analyzing the Movement in *Free World* for November he says:

"Thousands of reports that come to us from Italy induce us to believe that the Italians will adopt a democratic republic. . . . . The world would be astounded if I could reveal the names of certain Italians—even old Italians who have served loyally under two Kings—who have sent me their most enthusiastic endorsement of such a program (that of the Free Italian Movement) but who add: 'It is imperative, however, to make a clean sweep of old symbols; we must establish a republic. A monarchy would mean no new ideals, continuous disorder, the best terrain for fresh revolutions'."

Count Sforza then asks: "Is it perhaps for this reason . . . . that the Italian Communists living in this country have reproached me in their press for not being more lenient toward the errors and perjuries of the monarchy?"

Mr. Davies should acquaint himself more fully with the trend of liberal Italian thinking; otherwise he may find himself marked as grinding an identifiable axe. Those groups which can anticipate in a post-war chaos good growing weather for their particular doctrines will naturally attempt to postpone as long as possible the planning of economic and political reconstruction. Reports from the enslaved countries as well as experience throughout the United Nations, however, give overwhelming indication that such planning—and some action now—is an indispensable weapon for total victory.

Toronto, Ont. MARGARET SEDGEWICK.

Vote Buying

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

DID the Conservatives at Winnipeg really expect that, in the much-heralded after-war improved conditions, the Canadian people would permit a continuance of the malodorous spoils system and the unjust treatment of the smaller provinces? In old days the editors of Canada were wont to raise their hands in holy horror almost daily about the doings of Boss Tweed. Today they never mention Tammany. They know that in the game of vote-buying, both federally and provincially, Canadian politicians can give cards and spades to New York and win hands down.

When the young Canadians now at the front return they will expect radical changes in these matters, and unless they find them they will be apt to be led astray by the Communists—which God forbid.

H. K. S. HEMMING.

Charlottetown, P.E.I.

SATURDAY NIGHT
THE CANADIAN WEEKLY
Established A.D. 1887
BERNARD K. SANDWELL, Editor
P. M. RICHARDS, Assistant and Financial Editor
WILLSON WOODSIDE, Foreign Editor
N. McHardy, Advertising Manager

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES — Canada and Newfoundland $3.00 per year, $5.00 for two years, $7.00 for three years; all other parts of the British Empire, $3.00 per year; all other countries $4.00 per year.
Single copies 10c.

Advertising contracts are solicited and accepted by this business office or by any representative of SATURDAY NIGHT subject to Editorial approval as printed in our contract form. The Editors reserve the right to reject any contract accepted by the business office, its branch offices or its advertising staff — to cancel same at any time after acceptance—and to refuse publication of any advertising thereunder at any time such advertising is considered by them as unreliable and undesirable.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. SATURDAY NIGHT does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Printed and Published in Canada
CONSOLIDATED PRESS LIMITED
CORNER OF RICHMOND AND SHEPPARD STREETS, TORONTO 2, CANADA

MONTREAL.....New Birks Bldg.
NEW YORK.....Room 512, 101 Park Ave.
E. R. Milling - - Business Manager
C. T. Croucher - Assistant Business Manager
J. F. Foy - - - Circulation Manager

Vol. 58, No. 19 Whole No. 2601

THE FRONT PAGE

(*Continued from Page One*)

ers recognize and deal with national or international organizations, but is itself constantly refusing to be bound by the policies of those organizations and going off on a merely "shop-wide" excursion of its own. If shop unions are anathema it seems to us that the shop strike, called against the will of the larger union, ought to be anathema also. The problem may, however, be a temporary one. Whenever a strike is likely to be a hard-fought affair, the control by the national or international officers of the reserve funds of the union gives them the whiphand. These present strikes are called by locals whose members have been making an unusually large income and have cash in hand of their own, and who figure that anyhow there can be no difficulty about their going back to work whenever they feel like it because the product is needed in the war.

In Vancouver there is proceeding a similar fight between strike-wanting local men and a national organization, but here the national body is the Canadian Congress of Labor, whose powers of control seem likely to prove even more shadowy than those of an international union.

PARKS IN THE CITY

PERISHABLE parks, the last frontiers of green in the city,
That bear existence without much zest or will to live,
Like a patient propped up with many operations by a specialist,
Or an old woman preserving her youth and beauty with artificial massages and paint.
The clipped grass, the cut and patterned flower beds,
The common, stunted shapes of trees
That in the country are as varied as the wind,
Shut in by buildings, darkened with smoke and the smell of factories and cars,
Prisoners in the staid layout of the City's landscape gardener.

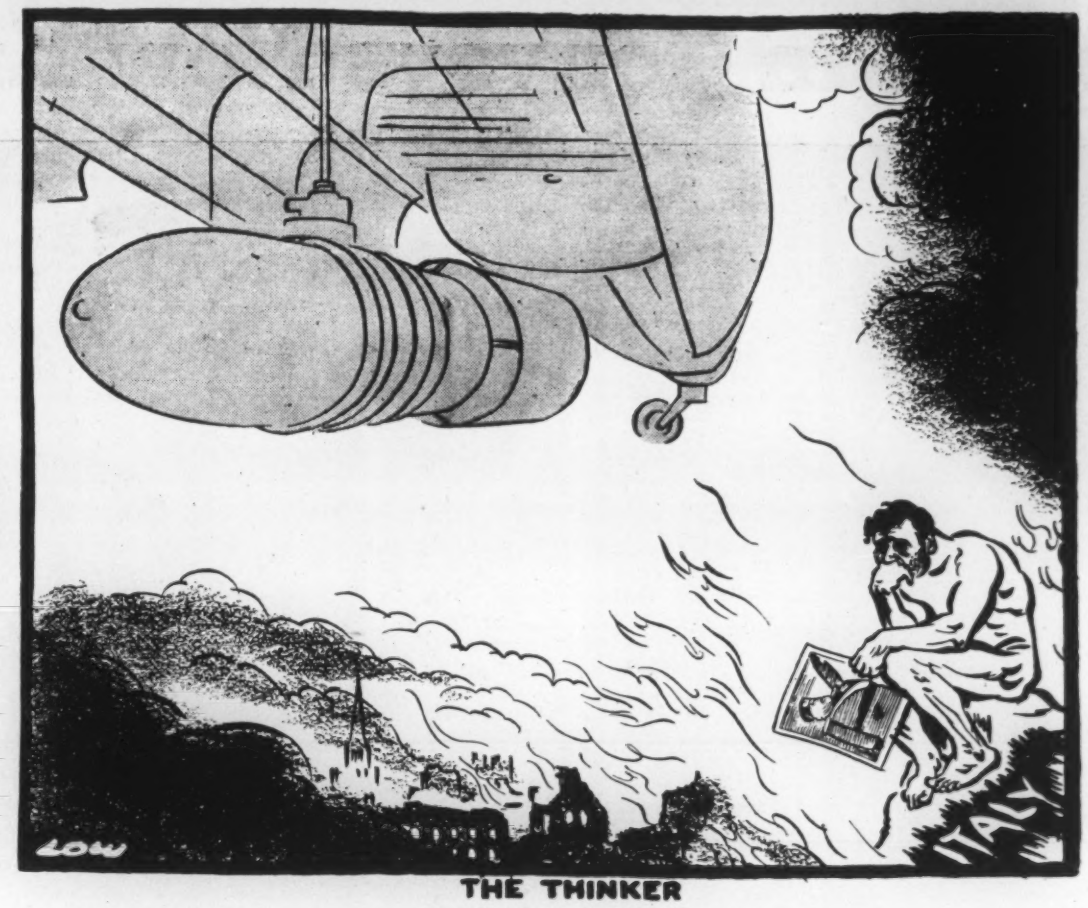
DIANA SKALA

The 1943 Calendars

CALENDARS are relatively scarce this year, for obvious reasons; there is however no reason why anybody to whom such an article is an absolute necessity should go without one. Two honorable mentions have to go to the Confederation Life and the Hudson's Bay Company respectively, for having had the highly topical idea of celebrating the centenary of the foundation of Victoria, B.C. It is hardly likely that the original paintings of either of these designs will be sought for the National Gallery, but they are good calendar art and will give pleasure and a sense of history to many thousands.

Our choices for our personal office are from the same two sources as last year—the Canadian General Electric and Rolph Clark Stone. The C.G.E. has twelve magnificent four-color plates of human activities in which electricity is all-important; the January plate of a warship leading its flotilla is so good that we shall probably leave it up until the end of February, as it has the month-before and month-after calendars at the bottom. The Rolph Clark Stone is a four-color portrait of Nelson from a mezzotint after the painting by Francis Lemuel Abbott, and we shall not get tired of it as we did, to be quite frank, of the at first immensely effective picture of St. Paul's during the Blitz which this firm sent last year.

The Waterloo Trust and Savings Company has a really charming old-fashioned map of Waterloo County with little pictures of historical things and personages, including Dr. Tassie of the famous school and Prime Minister King of the famous party and Homer Watson of the famous pictures. The Great-West Life has a pleasant if slightly "posed" picture of children playing in a garden with the inscription "That these things still shall be." The Prudential Assurance has a scene in a seventeenth-century ship designer's very luxurious establishment, as an indication of the sort of thing that the British Empire was built on. British Drug Houses has a watercolor of the Tower of London, but we have never seen it look so clean. The Imperial Bank's "Glamis Castle" by Noel Leaver is also a bit on the idyllic side.



THE THINKER

"Hors concours" are four delightful United States entries: the Santa Fe with a vivid splash of desert color, the New York Central with a beautiful design of industrial buildings and a streamlined train, the United Air Lines with a sunset above the clouds, and the Aetna Life with another set of twelve very clever photographs of action in sports.

We congratulate the Hoops Printing Ink Co. (Toronto) on having the good judgment to select as subject the famous Karsh portrait of General McNaughton, which first appeared on the front page of SATURDAY NIGHT, and to give it a very fine and large-scale reproduction. The Industrial Accident Prevention Associations have performed a national service in their twelve vivid color plates on industrial and health precautions, but their calendar has also a particularly interesting feature, in a page showing all the days of the year laid out in fourteen lines and twenty-eight columns; we suggest that all the figures of the Sundays should be red as well as the mere letter S at the top of the Sunday columns, but the feature is a most useful one.

Dominion Foundries and Steel has twelve fine large one-color pictures of its big gun and tank operations. The largest calendar we have received (it is probably the result of the big open spaces) comes from A. P. Fisher and Company Limited of Rocky Mountain House, Alberta, which has a population of 798 and branches of two transcontinental railways; it is a four-color picture of four gentlemen in Cavalier costume playing cards, we fear for money.

The Lynching Record

WE HAVE received from the Tuskegee Institute its annual statistic on lynching. The five cases for 1942 are an increase of one over the previous year; but on the whole the record suggests that this infamous blot on American civilization is gradually disappearing. The annual figures for 1938 and on have been 6, 3, 5, 4 and 5. All the 1942 victims were Negroes. Attempts at lynching were prevented in seventeen cases, in four of which the intended victims were white. Four of the five lynchings were for "attempted" crimes which were not even alleged to have been carried out; the fifth was that of a man who had received a life sentence when convicted of a murder for which the jury had failed to agree on the death penalty. Mississippi had three of the five lynchings. It has the honor of being the home state of Senator Bilbo.

The success of the Southern Senators in preventing the passage of an anti-lynching measure which had passed the House of Representatives deprived the people of the United States as a whole of the opportunity to put on record their detestation of this peculiarly vicious form of lawlessness and race hatred. Nobody has as yet been able to discover any device by which the crime of lynching can be brought under federal jurisdiction, as those of bootlegging and gangsterism (for profit) have been by the use of the income-tax law. If the F.B.I. could be put to work, lynching would probably disappear with great rapidity, for there is no fun in hanging or burning a fellow human being if you are going to be hanged or electrocuted yourself for doing it. But so long as it can be kept within the scope of the local authorities, with their elected sheriffs and governors and judges, there is not much chance of its being wiped out by strict enforcement of law. The remedy lies in education, and Mississippi is a hard state to educate.

Less Flimsy Pretext

DISCUSSION is certainly plentiful on the question whether there will be a Canadian general election this year. The Winnipeg *Free Press* says that it is difficult to imagine any conditions arising which would justify the Government in deciding that the views of the people should be ascertained. This is slightly begging the question. If the views of the people, when ascertained, are favorable to the Government which decided to ascertain them, the decision to ascertain them is automatically justified. The question is whether the decision to ascertain them will itself annoy the electors sufficiently—along with other factors in the voting—to make them want to turn the Government out.

The Montreal *Gazette*, whose approach to the question is much more practical, thinks that the likelihood of annoying the electors is pretty serious; it speaks of "the undoubted fact that Canadian electors would be highly resentful of another 'snap' election in wartime." The accent must of course be placed on the word "snap," with a secondary accent on the word "another." The electors have a pretty good idea that 1940 was a "snap" election, though they did not resent it sufficiently to vote Mr. King out at the time; they were not, it must be remembered, offered much to put in his place. For "another snap election," the *Gazette* opines, "Mr. King will require a fairly solid pretext—less flimsy, at any rate, than the one he used last time" (which was a hostile resolution passed by the Ontario Legislature). The choice, the *Gazette* suggests, may rest largely with the Opposition. If it does not desire a snap election "it will be well advised to take care that its language is temperate, and its grounds of objection solid and well-supported." This sounds to us like a very correct summing up of the situation.

Mr. Bracken is almost certain to behave himself in the manner thus suggested; and so, we fancy, are his followers at Ottawa. It was not from Ottawa, however, that the provocative event proceeded last time; it was from Queen's Park. This time it may come from some other quarter over which Mr. Bracken has no control. It might have come from the Supreme Court if that body had not given the Government all it could possibly want in the Controllers' Powers reference. It might come from the C.C.F. It might come from dissidents in Quebec. It might come (this is important) from the United States. And it may not come at all.

THE PASSING SHOW

THERE are people in the United States about whom it is hard to tell whether they are looking forward to fighting Britain or to fighting Russia after they get through fighting Germany and Japan with the aid of Britain and Russia.

•

A small piece of Ottawa having been ceded to Holland for special reasons, we expect at any minute to hear the communists demand that two wards of Toronto be ceded to Russia in deference to the verdict of the municipal elections.

•

One reason for the enthusiasm of some Americans in demanding the break-up of the British Empire is that the United States no longer has an Empire to break up.

•

Quebec is about to have compulsory education, which should not mislead Ontario people into thinking that what it has hitherto had was compulsory non-education.

•

Those Gremlins

When I'm asked to describe a Gremlin
I do so with considerable fear and tremlin.
For he's the quirksomest imp of a tombuoyant crowd
Who live in a null in a fanciful cloud.
He has hands like a squidgit's, a curbital nose,
A rubberly skin and spatulate toes.
And just when you think you have him behaving reasonably and in rhyme
He darts off crazily, as I'm.
So I think it best to say merely that a Gremlin is a Gremlin,
Or a Fifinella, if femlin,
And leave it at
That.

STUART HEMSLEY

•

And apparently new beverage room is but old bar writ large.

•

The Republicans seem to want to amend Lend-Lease to read Lend Less.

•

The Toronto blackouts are so good that you not only can't see them, you can't hear them.

•

After February 15 there are to be no more beer coasters. These concessions to prohibitionist sentiment are becoming alarming.

•

Short poem written for, and rejected by, the program of the current show at the Toronto Art Gallery:

That this is a free country is true, so
Anybody who wants to paint like Rousseau
Can do so.

•

Clodius Struttles From
Rome to Budapest in
Effort to End Dispute

—Heading in Toronto *Globe and Mail*.

Dictionary makers please note excellent new word for describing Fascist locomotion.

•

Japan is said to be due for another earthquake. We wouldn't know about that, but Japan is certainly due for something that it may take for an earthquake.

•

Civilian Blues

O captains, sheathed in icy spray,
O sappers, faint with tropic heat,
Who guard our peace by night and day
And toil your brave young lives away,
Weep for us "civvies," short of meat!

O pilots, neighboring with the stars
O gunner, cramped beneath the tail,
Drivers of ammunition cars,
O soldier men and gallant tars,
Our butter has begun to fail!

O steersmen, rolling on the deep,
All in a sad goose-pimpled state,
Consider us, civilian sheep,
Doomed, for the lack of oil, to keep
Our living-room at sixty-eight!

J. E. M.

•

Short essay on economic problems: Under capitalism the customer is always right. Under socialism the customer is always wrong.

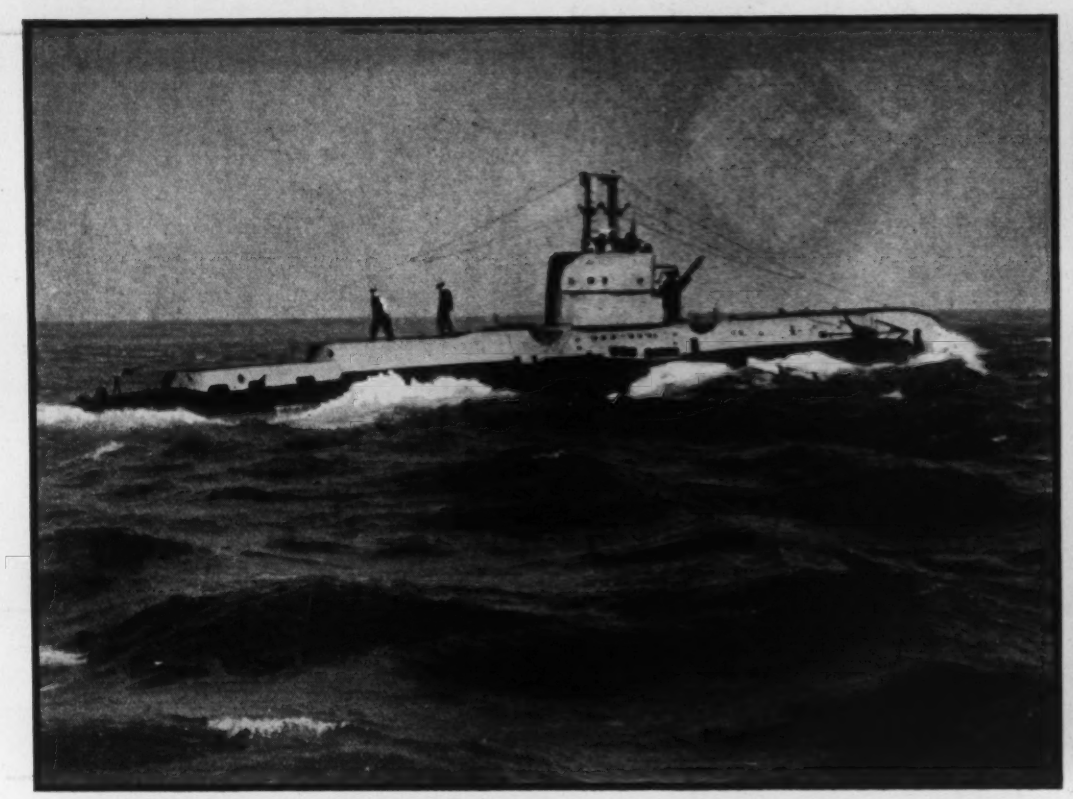
•

Politeness is not confined to the northern hemisphere. A New Zealand airman, asked what he thought of Canada, replied solemnly, "I'll never forget it."

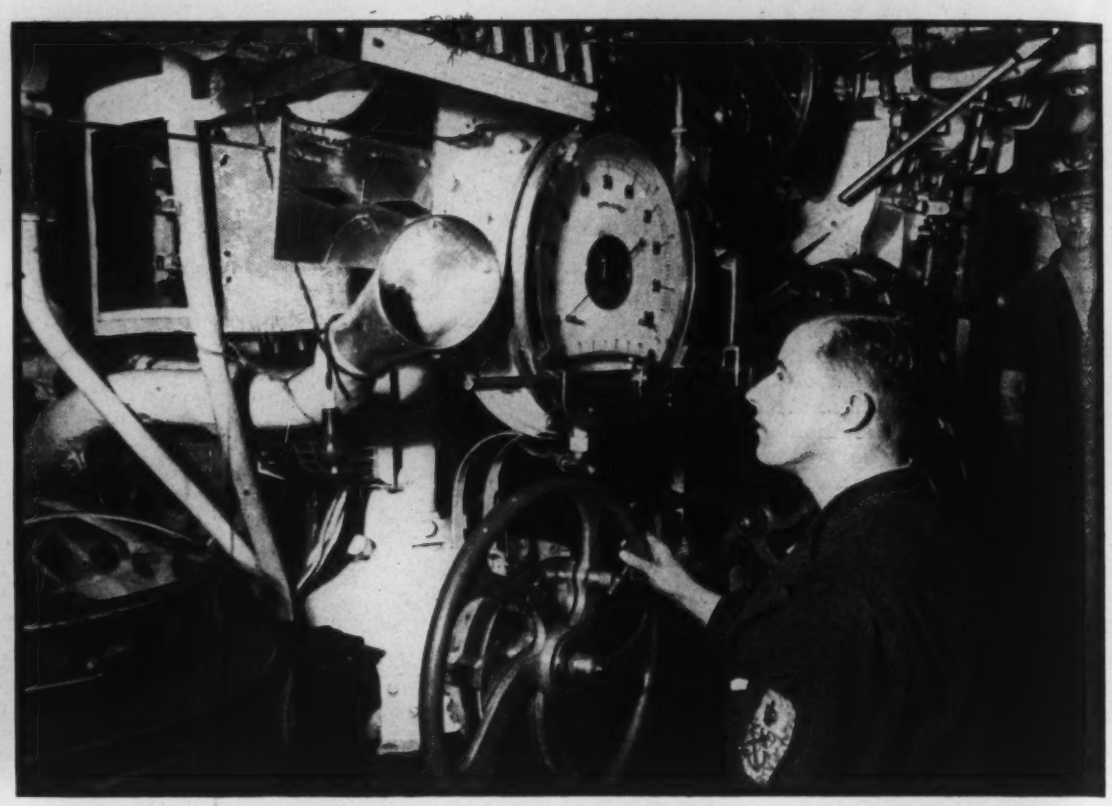
•

Buy a bond and keep it long—
Then your love of freedom's strong.
Buy a bond and sell it later—
You're no genuine Hitler-hater.

Axis Mediterranean Convoys Now Know that . . .



A British submarine in Mediterranean waters: Axis convoys for Tunisia are her prey.



Her target sighted, she begins to submerge. Above: Quartermaster studies depth gauge.

By Owen Galbraith

THE submarine throbs away from the side of the depot ship shortly before dusk, blue spirals of smoke coming from the Diesel exhausts astern.

The captain is standing on the bridge with other officers. They are dressed in blue "monkey jackets" and, perhaps, flannel trousers. The crew are fallen in on the submarine casing in near-white sweaters.

Once out of the harbor and well into the Mediterranean, the submarine dives for trim,* and, having "caught" the trim, she surfaces again and runs on Diesel engines towards her patrol position.

By this time the officers and ratings are in what they call comfortable clothes. The captain is wearing shorts, with a sweater handy in case it is chilly. His favorite dress, while submerged in action, is a towel wrapped round his loins.

The crew are wearing overalls, shorts, shirts, vests —anything they fancy. There are no badges of rank and it is impossible to tell the captain from the cook.

Life goes on quietly, almost dully, for some days while the submarine continues towards her patrol station.

There are only seven phonograph records aboard, some of them scratched and indistinct through constant wear.

The captain tells the first lieutenant he will brain the first rating to play "Frankie and Johnnie were lovers"—he swears he has heard it 3,000 times.

Dawn, some mornings later, is a dangerous time. The boat is travelling close to the coast.

The crew know there may be something interesting to see through the periscope. There is competition to see if any girls are about on the beach. When things are quiet the captain sometimes lets ratings have a peep through the periscope.

They are looking at the captain now squatting on his haunches, staring through the glistening brass tube. He straightens himself and says. "Anybody want to look?" The grubby-overalled cook has a peep. As he straightens himself he says respectfully, "Can we have a run ashore tonight, sir?"

HE HAS seen an Italian girl walking along the beach.

There is discreet competition to have a look.

At midday the next day, the captain is resting in his cabin. The first lieutenant is at the periscope. He swings it, sees smoke on the horizon.

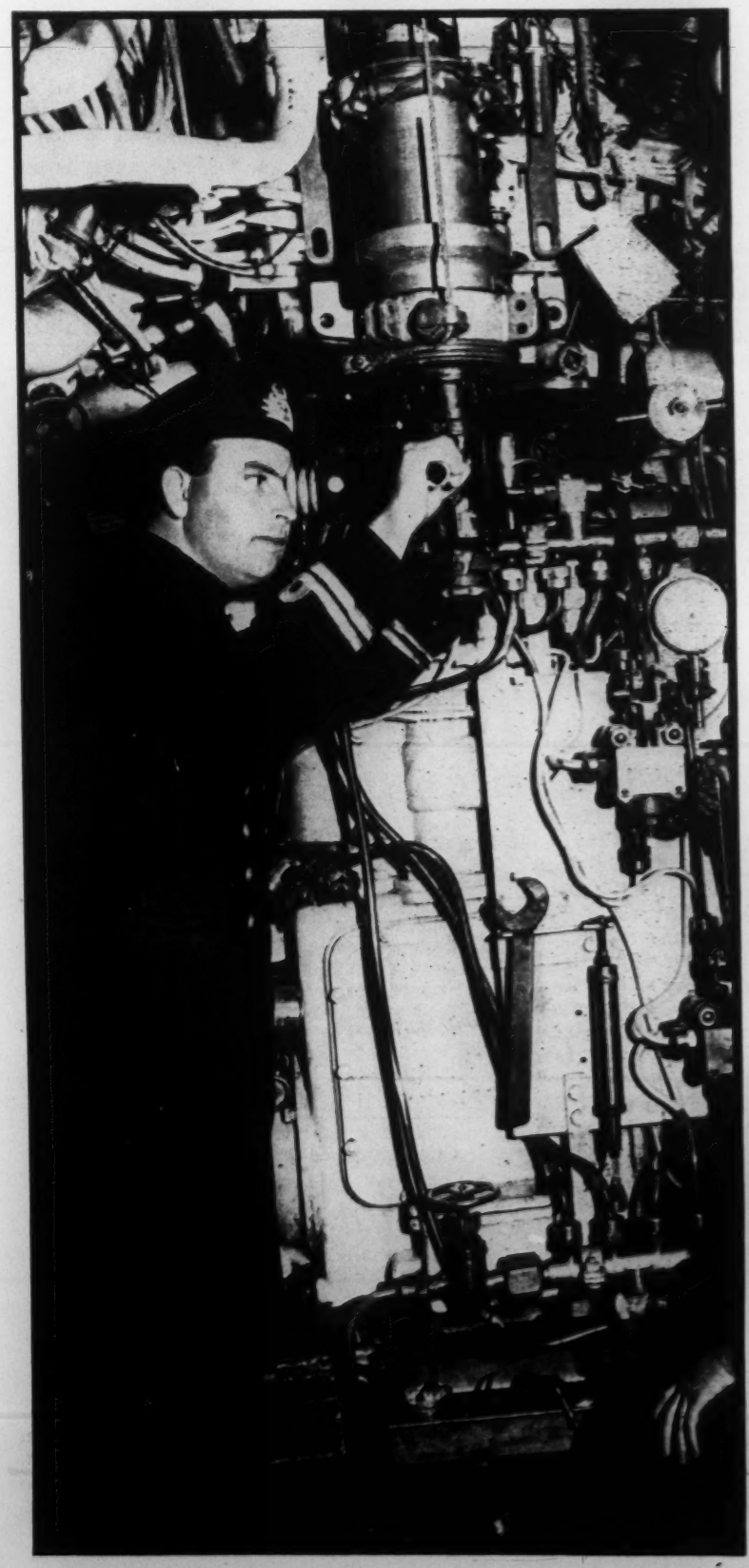
Without ceasing to look he says, "Captain, in the control room." The murmur is taken up and goes round the boat. Within a matter of seconds the captain is at the periscope, clothed in his towel. He looks, and says, "There is smoke on the horizon—a couple of masts."

Then the orders come fast. "Diving stations, full speed ahead together, starboard 25, steer 320." The hum of the motors can be heard through the otherwise silent submarine.

"Stand by the torpedo tubes," is the next order.

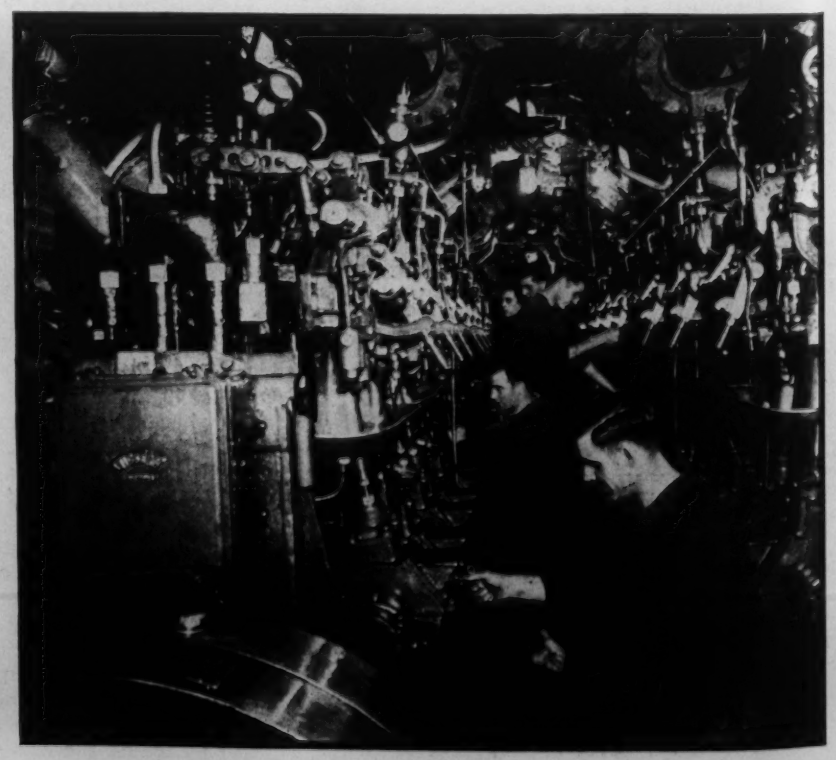
The submarine is getting along through the water at periscope depth as fast as she can now. The range closes, and the captain stares fixedly through the periscope.

**The submarine submerges and then adjusts flooding of her tanks to secure proper depth on a level keel.*



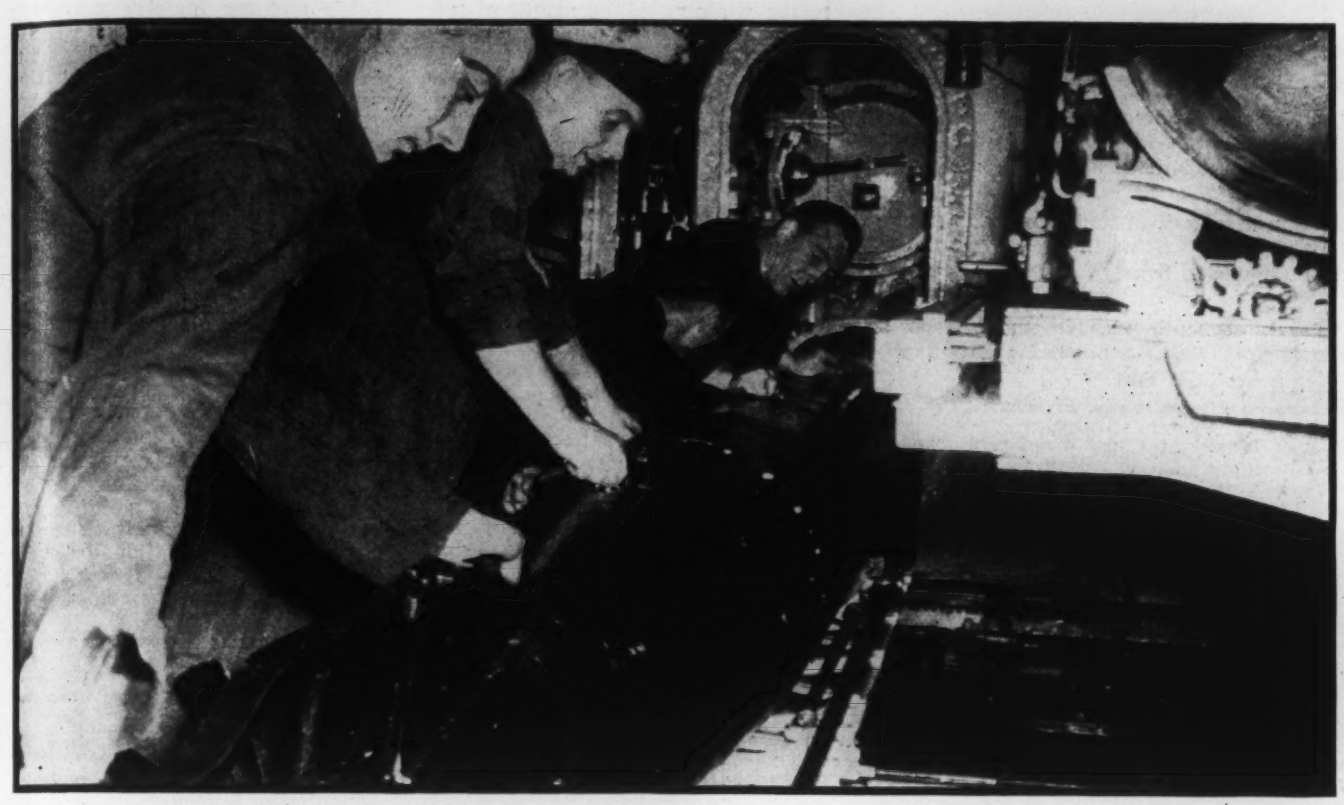
The periscope, eye of the submarine when submerged. Here a lieutenant scans the sea above for signs of enemy shipping.

The helmsman: to port or starboard, up or down, by instrument he steers the sub.



The engine room, heart of the submarine. Among the fast working gear, in cramped quarters, men must be unusually dextrous.

. . . Britons, Too, Are Good Undersea Fighters



The submarine's torpedo compartment: undersea gunners place a "tin fish" in position, await order to fire.

There are three merchant ships, escorted by six Italian destroyers. The captain grabs his slipping towel as he snaps the range—8,000 yards..

Excitement in the submarine is terrific—and suppressed. Nobody speaks except the captain. At times the silence is so intense that a movement by a rating sounds like thunder.

"TORPEDO tubes ready, sir," reports the torpedo gunner's mate from the torpedo compartment forward. The faint noise of the screws of the nearest destroyer in the screen can be heard.

The captain orders, "Fifty feet," and there is a slight movement in the submarine. The needles of the depth gauges gradually creep round to the ordered depth. The noise of the destroyer's screws increases to a roar of something like an express train as she passes over.

"Periscope depth"—from the captain. The submarine slides towards the surface. "Up periscope." Silently the tube creeps up.

"Stand by"—a pause like a thousand years—"Fire!"

As the torpedoes jump from the tubes the submarine shudders a bit. The captain's towel falls off. Nearby ratings chuckle at naked authority.

Stop watches have already started to mark the time the torpedoes take to reach the target. The captain's, "I'll have a cup of tea, please," is hardly necessary. The electric stove was switched on some minutes before; it is a ritual.

Everybody in the service knows that you must have a cup of tea before the depth charging begins!

In 55 seconds the explosion which means the target has been hit rocks the submarine. The captain sits on the engine-room artificer's tool box, sipping his tea. Then the first depth charge arrives.

The captain's cup leaps off the tool chest. The submarine vibrates with the clangour of charges exploding nearby.

A report is called for from every compartment to see if any damage has been done. Luckily, only a few lights have failed.

FOR two hours the racket of the depth charges goes on. The men behave as if they were on tip-toe. Barely a word is spoken. As the noise of the depth charges dies away the submarine creeps to periscope depth.

The captain sees three destroyers picking up survivors from the sunken merchantman.

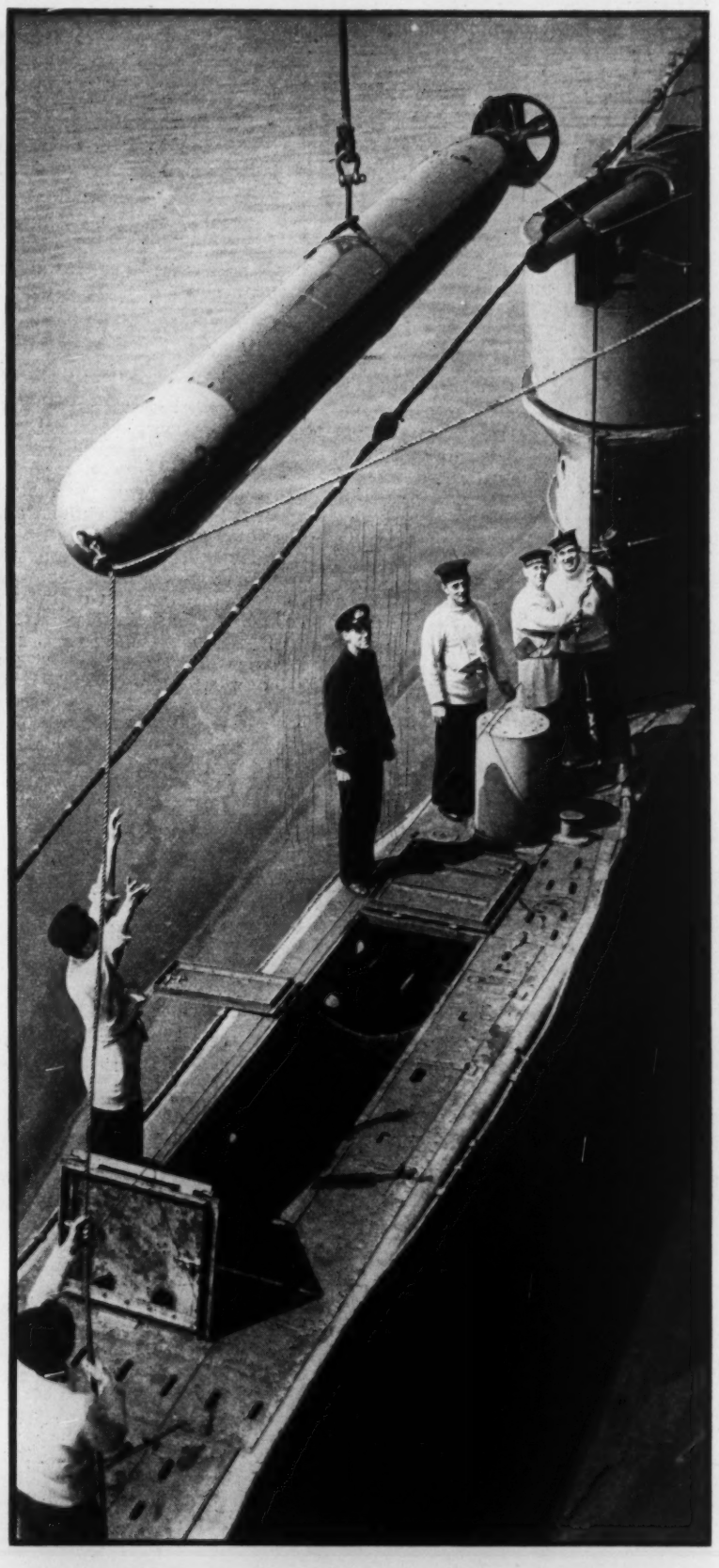
He gets up quickly. "She's gone all right. Have a quick look, No. 1."

The first lieutenant has a look and sees a column of water go up in the distance where one of the destroyers is still depth charging.

One of the ratings off duty has already got hold of the "Jolly Roger" skull and crossbones flag of the submarine service, and is preparing to stitch another chevron to the other battle honors.

They will fly it when they get back from patrol.

(Editor's Note—Earlier this month the Admiralty disclosed that Allied submarines in 1942 had sunk 106 supply vessels and 15 warships. Of these, 35 were sunk in the Mediterranean during the last three months.)



Torpedoes like these are helping to win Allied supremacy in the Mediterranean. Here one is swung down into its chamber.

Many a submarine man owes his life to the escape hatch and the Davis Escape Apparatus, both of which are shown above.

Space is at a premium in the submarine galley: every inch is used.

For a submarine crew, the mess-room is lounge and sleeping quarters too. Games and reading help while away tedious hours when off duty.

Scientific Feeding to Build a Healthier Race

BY HIRAM McCANN

Managing Editor, "Food in Canada"

The latest big advance in industry is the improvement in the health of the worker through better nutrition. It is likely that this advance can outdo in economic advantages the benefits derived from scientific accident prevention.

Here is the story of Maisie the munitions maker and Walter the war worker and what industrial management is doing for them in improving their diets. Their families benefit too through education in how and what to eat for health.

A project which started with a purely economic purpose—that of securing more efficient war materials production—is becoming important on a national scale in building a healthier race.

GO INTO any war plant in Canada today with any man who worked in a similar plant during the last war—or, indeed, in any average manufacturing plant prior to a couple of years ago—and ten to one he'll tell you that the greatest change he sees is in the workers' food facilities. Many things have changed of course: plants are cleaner, more spacious, better lighted, better planned from the standpoint of the person doing the work, very much safer, healthier, and more pleasant. But the improvement in industrial feeding is little short of spectacular.

We quote from Dr. C. O. Sappington and August J. Pacinin (*Industrial Medicine, May* 1942): "It can be agreed that the next significant advance in industry is the improvement of the health of the worker through better nutrition. Every indication suggests that the advance can outdo in economic advantages the tested and proved values derived from scientific accident prevention."

Your friend will be still more amazed if he talks to Maisie, one of our average munition makers. Maisie is 22. She got as far as second form in high school and then went to work in a departmental store. She can "cut a mean rug" on a dance floor, thinks she could do justice to a Lana Turner sweater, knows most of the "hot" bands on the radio, likes to shoot craps for dimes, has a couple of movie or dancing dates a week, but really loves a guy in the Air Force. You and your friend would like Maisie as we do. She's a game little dame who works hard at her job and whose chief weapons against fate are infectious grins and wisecracks. But don't get the idea that Maisie is a ninny. She's not—for she knows about nutrition!

Walter the war worker is another person who might surprise your friend. Walter has three kids in public school and a 1936 Chevy with two good tires. Today he's working harder than ever before and yet he'll tell you himself that he never felt so well. The "little woman" is largely responsible for the fact that both Walter and the kids are healthier now than they used to be, for Mrs. Walter has been improving her culinary knowledge by a study of vitamins.

"Hidden Hunger"

Two years ago neither Walter nor Maisie would have been as efficient nor healthy as they are today, because both of them would have been suffering from what Miss Marion Harlow, assistant director of Nutrition Services of the Department of Pensions and National Health, calls "hidden hunger." When Maisie started to work at her present job she either skipped breakfast altogether or had a light and inefficient meal as was the case not so long ago with 70 per cent of the working population of Great Britain. The net result, in the case of thousands of Maisies, was fatigue, nervousness, irritability, stupid accidents, inadequate war production and absenteeism. As for Walter, he was always a good eater; but the trouble was, he thought salads were made for rabbits and that vitamin B was the bunk.

Maisie and Walter were suffering from exactly the same symptoms as the rest of Canada was shown to be suffering from in the surveys reported in SATURDAY NIGHT in June 1941. Because of preventable illness, to some extent through faulty nutrition, Canadian war industries lost in 1942 an estimated 9,000,000 man-days or the equivalent of 2,000 bombers. Maisie and Walter didn't want to be absent through illness. They didn't want to produce less than their best nor to suffer accidents through preventable fatigue. They were suffering from poor nutrition.

What's Been Done

What actually astounds your friend is what has been done about it. Industrial management in our larger war plants moved first; then the government swung into action with the appointment of Dr. L. B. Pett to direct "Nutrition Services" and to co-ordinate the nutritional work throughout all Canadian industry. The development was certainly not due to pure altruism either on the part of industrial management or of government officials.

The first step taken by Nutrition Services in Canada was a survey of about 150 war industries comprising about 200,000 workers as of July 1, 1942, and greatly increased since that time. A trained nutritionist visited each plant, contacted the managemen, the medical services, inspected the canteen or other food serving establishment and studied "brought" lunches of the workers as closely as possible. A detailed questionnaire was filled out for each plant and a letter was sent to the individual plant management with particular comments and suggestions on the best ways of improving the suggestion locally. Information from a total of 353 Canadian war industries, including well over half the war workers in Canada, shows that 27 per cent operated cafeterias, 41 per cent canteens, 20 per cent messrooms, and only 4 per cent provided dietitians.

These facilities for factory people were inadequate to say the least, and the big job in improving nutrition had to be done in the plant by the improvement of eating facilities, because general nutrition education under Canada's Nutrition Program was barely getting under way and those at home responsible for the feeding of the war worker and the preparation of his or her lunches could not be counted on to do what had to be done as quickly as was necessary.

Plant Lunch Better

The investigators discovered, for example, that if the worker bought a lunch in a plant cafeteria it was twice as likely to be a good lunch as if he brought his own, and about one-third of the carried lunches were definitely poor, although there is this to be said for the average Canadian housewife: the majority of the "poor" lunches either carried or bought were among women workers.

Add to this the fact that nutritional surveys had already proven that the nutrition of low income families (less than $1500 yearly) in Canada were not adequate, and you get a fair picture of what confronted Nutrition Services and Canadian industrial management in the matter of nutrition.

The approach to the problem was likewise scientific and has been outlined in a booklet "Nutrition in Industry" by Dr. Pett. Certain recommendations concerning nutrition in industry were adopted by the Canadian Council on Nutrition in June 1942, and involved the securing for all war workers of nutritious meals and natural foods with reasonable ease and economy, and in all plants having war contracts the provision of meals to employees under the direction of a qualified nutritionist or dietitian, between-meal rest periods, together with an opportunity of obtaining food were recommended and the consumption of food high in nutrition value was encouraged. Finally, it was demanded that plant-managed food dispensaries be run on a strictly non-profit basis.

Nutrition Services had good average figures to show the nutritional needs of both male and female employees in different types of war work. They knew, furthermore, about how much they were getting. So the biggest part of their task was to co-operate with management in the establishment of proper cafeterias, canteens, and lunch rooms and to assist the operators of these facilities to plan meals and price meals in such a way as to encourage Maisie and Walter to eat the proper food.

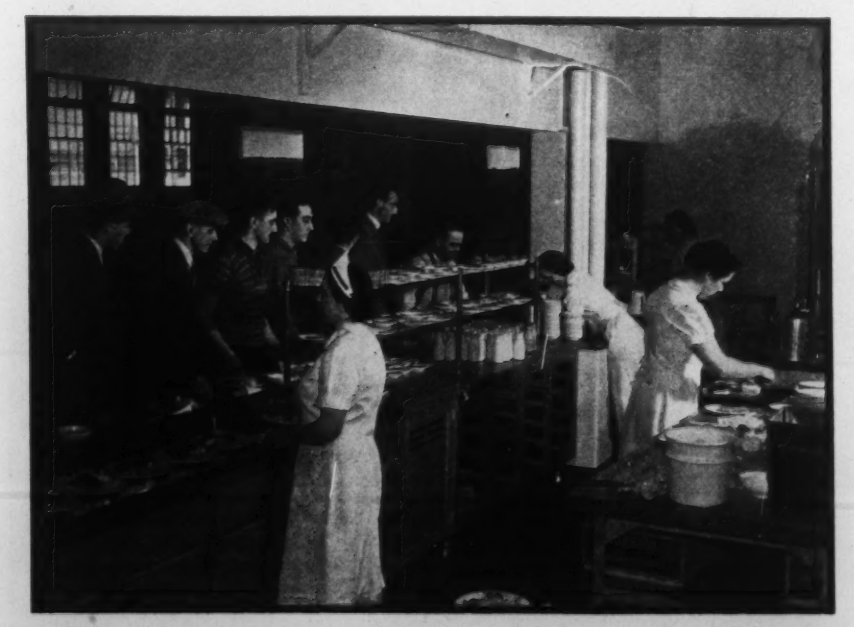
Requirements Differ

This had to be done without disturbance in factory routine, with no interference in production, and without pressure on workers to get them to eat palatable foods. The requirements in each plant are likely to be more or less different from those of others in the same district. After consultation with the management in each case, it is decided whether a cafeteria, a lunch counter, a mobile canteen, a fixed canteen, or a messroom will be most advisable. In cases where the plant is too small to justify the establishment of more formal facilities, the nutritionist has had to make a study of the meals available to the workers in the neighborhood. The variety of food available in each district is an important factor and the eating habits of the locality also must be studied.

General principles of layout for food facilities are now text-book stuff, covering kitchen design and planning, the allowance of ten square feet per person in the dining room, layout of serving arrangements for maximum speed with least loss of heat in food being served and least operating overhead; and several cafeteria equipment manufacturers have made available to industries a free planning service covering all phases of the problem. Certain plants not desiring to take on the responsibility of operating the food facilities make a policy of granting a concession to a catering or restaurant organization of recognized ability on a definite cost basis.

Beyond the provision of proper food facilities at the plant, comes education in nutrition—education for Maisie and for Maisie's mother, as for Walter and for Walter's wife. Because one or two meals a day at the plant, no matter how nutritious, can't keep Maisie and Walter at peak efficiency. So under the National Nutritional Program lectures, booklets, and other sources of information are made available to Maisie's mother and Walter's wife, and from the plant through pay-envelope stuffers, booklets, leaflets, etc., goes forth a steady stream of information all tending to the same purpose.

To industry it means much. On an average, 50,000 workers are away from their work every day, largely through illness which in turn is largely caused by the lack of sufficient protective foods. If only 25 per cent of these are on war production it means a loss of 25,000,000 hours this year. With the elimination of illness due to malnutrition the tremendous task of National Selective Service will be made considerably easier. This thing has come to stay.



According to recent investigations, the industrial worker's lunch in a plant cafeteria is twice as likely to be a good lunch as that brought from home. Above: Canadian munitions workers in the plant commissary.

OTTAWA LETTER

Geo-politics in Charge at Ottawa

BY G. C. WHITTAKER

GEO-POLITICS is having an increasing influence on the direction of Ottawa policy. Canadian affairs will be guided more and more by what Washington does. We are going in for rationing now, not because we believe in it, but because Washington insists on equalized distribution of available supplies. The peculiar conditions of Canadian supply and distribution fall away before the impact of the urge for a continental system. There is little in the Canadian situation to indicate drastic rationing of food supplies, but the United States Government is imposing it on its people and we have to follow suit. We are no longer operating on a self-contained economy. What we have is our neighbor's and what our neighbor has is ours.

The bargain between Secretary of Agriculture Wickard for the United States and Minister of Agriculture Gardiner for Canada opens up wide vistas in international relations. Tariff barriers are going down on food products. What the United States produces will be available to Canada and what Canada produces will be available to the United States without impediments at the border. The terms of the understanding have not been clarified, but the sense of it is that the agricultural capacity and production of the two countries will be pooled. The United States will share output with Canada and we willl do the same with the United States.

The implementation of the Wickard-Gardiner agreement appears to be impossible without the cancellation of border barriers. Ottawa is ready to forego customs duties on food commodities from the United States if Washington will reciprocate.

Extension of transborder rationalization to industrial production is a part of Ottawa's post-war planning. It is envisioned, for example, that we would get our supplies of coal and heavy steel from Pennsylvania while the United States would undertake to allow this country to supply a large part of its requirements in alloyed and electric steel in the production of which the electric power capacity of the Dominion is an important factor. Custom duties would disappear and the commodities indicated would be exchanged as if the St. Lawrence River and the 49th parallel did not exist.

It now appears that the Ides of March would come and go without an increase in the cost of living index sufficient to entail another boost in the wage bonus. The advance in the cost of living index has been halted by the subsidizing of retail prices of food commodities and by seasonal increases in output, as in the case of eggs. Rationing of meats and butter fats is calculated to curtail consumer expenditure. But Ottawa is very much worried about civilian supplies. So much so that a shake-up is coming in the foods division of the Gordon Board. Preoccupation with price ceilings has resulted in the neglect of supplies. In consequence of this the backlog of shortages has been increasing. Friction has developed between the Food Board under Gordon Taggart and the parent Gordon Board.

The Prospect

The immediate prospect is that Mr. Gardiner's Agriculture Department will be given increased authority over supplies and that distribution will be in charge of the foods division in conjunction with the administrators of wholesale and retail trade. Control authorities are at odds as to responsibility for shortages which have been foreseen for some time but which have only recently become disturbing. In the reorganization Mr. Taggart may return to his job as Minister of Agriculture in the Saskatchewan Government, to be replaced by an administrator from the ranks of business. But Taggart is a former associate of Mr. Gardiner in Saskatchewan politics and consequently he will not easily be eliminated from the picture. The chances are that he will figure prominently in a supply organization under the jurisdiction of the Agriculture Department.

Two or three months ago, when Donald Gordon and the late Director of Selective Service Elliott Little, were planning the curtailment of civilian industry for the purpose of diverting manpower to the war effort it was on the cards that the newsprint industry should be the guinea pig for industrial rationalization. That idea has now gone by the board. The allocation plan for newsprint output is predicated upon conditions peculiar to the industry. After three months of study WPTB has abandoned the plan of production quota system based on unit capacity. The scheme that has been adopted disregards capacity and leaves the Newsprint Administrator to determine the production of the various units of the industry. Where a newsprint mill exceeds allotted production it will support a pool for the compensation of units which fall short.

The Washington government is expected to agree to an increase in the ceiling price of newsprint by around five dollars a ton.

Who is Now the Prime Minister of Ontario?

BY V. E. G.

"Who is now Prime Minister of Ontario?" is the question answered in a surprising way in the last sentence of this article. The writer evidently expects the reader to examine the argument by which his conclusion is reached. He makes two main points:

First, the Ontario Constitution has certain statutory elements which cannot be set aside at discretion: One is the seniority of the Prime Minister. Hence any new Ministry must all be re-sworn, in order of precedence.

Second, the Ontario Government has been progressively removed from control of the people, until the present Ministry rests on no support or authority save the will of one individual, the present Prime Minister. The duration of such a ministry cannot be estimated, because it depends on a "concatenation of fortuitous circumstances."

AMONG many admirable qualities which those premature political obituaries attributed to the retiring Mr. Hepburn in October last, insufficient attention was paid to his sense of humor. Indeed, the editors themselves were playing unconsciously a rather ludicrous part in Mr. Hepburn's comedy, at which we may be sure no one laughed more heartily than himself. Mr. Hepburn not only laughs at his own follies, but expects others to laugh at them, even at their own expense.

The narrative must begin with the session of 1941, when the Legislative Assembly Act was amended in sections 14 and 15 by striking out all the words which make re-election to the Assembly necessary after appointment to the Executive Council, including the words "unless the Administration of which he was a member has resigned, and a new Administration occupies the said offices." If this amendment had not been made, a change of government would have required the members of the new Administration to seek popular confirmation of their offices in by-elections. The amendment foreshadowed the events of October, 1942. That the amendment met no serious criticism in the Assembly is explained by the then prevalent anticipation of a coalition government, whose members would wish to have their portfolios without by-elections. If Mr. Hepburn truly foresaw what would happen in October, 1942, he certainly enjoyed the humor of that orientation. That the so-called democratic press accepted the amendment without protest is merely another example of the manner in which the ancient safeguards of democracy in government are now abandoned without the slightest public comprehension of their political consequences. Had the Family Compact made any proposal half so reactionary, in 1841, the whole country would have been set by the ears; it was otherwise in 1941.

The Bargain

The next scene shows Mr. Hepburn and Mr. Conant in conference in the Premier's office in Queen's Park on an October day in 1942. The talk is of the Ontario Premiership, but the be-ribboned scroll on the desk between them is Mr. Hepburn's commission as President of the Executive Council. This is a distinction with a difference. When Mr. J. Sandfield Macdonald, Mr. Edward Blake and Mr. Oliver Mowat were invited by the Governor to form ministries, the commissions issued to them used the words "President of the Council and First Minister" to describe the offices to which they were appointed. The Executive Council Act of our day describes these offices disjunctively in Sections 2 and 3, though they may be, and have usually been, held by the same person in Ontario. In Great Britain, in the Dominion of Canada and in other provinces of Canada, the offices are often held by different persons concurrently,—for example, in Prince Edward Island, today; at Ottawa, in Union Government days; and at Westminster, in the second Baldwin administration. Undoubtedly, the offices of First Minister and President of the Executive Council are different functions and responsibilities in Ontario.

We know very little of the conversation on that memorable day when Mr. Hepburn persuaded his Attorney-General to accept the Presidency of the Executive Council. In the light of subsequent developments, it is fair to conclude that Mr. Conant believed he was offered and accepting the Premiership, by Mr. Hepburn's favor, even though this imputes to the Attorney-General some neglect of careful constitutional procedure. Certainly, the occasion had a conspiratorial aspect, since there were others whose claims to favor were higher than Mr. Conant's, and the consciences of the conspirators could not have been entirely free from disquiet. A little imagination could give the occasion a Faustian significance: There were all the elements: the tempter, the temptation, the too-eager victim, and the bargain; and the Premier's laughter must have had a Mephistophelian quality.

The Lieut.-Governor

The next scene in Act I is the library of the Lieutenant Governor's house, October 21. Enter the Governor, the Premier, the Premier-Designate and the clerk of the Executive Council. Can this be comedy? There certainly is dignity, cordiality, and goodwill. Let us imagine the conversation in this wise:

"Your Honor, my resignation."

"Dear, dear! Mr. Hepburn, leaving us so soon? How precipitate! What shall we do without you?"

"Never fear, your Honor, all is arranged. Here, your Honor, is my successor and your humble servant."

"Well, this is very sudden. (Aside: I wonder what Mr. King will say. Surely he will be pleased.) Splendid! I congratulate you, Mr. Conant. President of the Council. . . . Do you solemnly swear . . . . etc., etc., ... so help you God?"

"I do."

"Well, that's that. Good day."

Now, imagine the same scene as it might have occurred, but did *not*:

"Yes, yes, Mr. Hepburn, your resignation? Indeed. Well, well! Even the best of friends must part. Good day."

"But, just a moment, your Honor, about my successor."

"Your successor, Mr. Hepburn, but that is surely my business now, is it not?"

"But, your Honor, I have a recommendation. . . ."

"A recommendation, Mr. Hepburn? But I thought you had resigned as President. Surely, Mr. Hepburn, my Attorney-General has informed you that you are no longer authorized to advise the Governor."

"But, your Honor, I thought you would. . . ."

"Oh, well, Mr. Hepburn, have you not forgotten that the Ontario Governor acts only on the advice of his Ministers, and I have Ministers; oh, yes, very good Ministers. Mr. Conant is one of them, and you are still my Treasurer, are you not? My Executive Council will no doubt continue to advise me on new appointments. You did not bring with you the resignations of the Councillors, did you?"

"Oh, no."

"Well, I will hear from them in due course. Let me see: Mr. Nixon is senior and Deputy-President, is he not, by order-in-council? Oh, yes; Mr. Bulmer, please ask Mr. Nixon to bring me advice of my Council as to the appointment of a President. Thank you both very much. Good day. Thank you, Mr. Bulmer."

Well, the laughter in this scene would have been more wholesome if that magic interlude had occurred; but, unfortunately, it did not occur, for, you see, Mr. Hepburn had not planned it so, and, as for the Governor, the conspirators gave him no time to think, nor time to laugh.

Scene Four is again the Premier's Office in Queen's Park. Enter, the conspirators and newsmen with cameras: "Here he is, boys, shoot him down. The King is dead, long live the King." (Shouts of "Good old Mitch; let us at him.")

"By the way, Mitch, what about yourself?"

"What, me! Oh, the farm, the good old farm for me; back to my onion patch."

"Really? When?"

"Oh, shortly, shortly; must see this job through first. Make a good story of it, boys. So long." (All go out.)

Whitney's Motto

Well, perhaps that was funny, but audiences are queer. They don't always laugh at the right time. While they hesitated, another scene in the same room took form before their eyes. It is October, 1914. Sir James Whitney is dead, but the memory of his personality fills the room. A fair young man sits in his place. You can see he is quiet and very much in earnest. He has just returned from Government House, where he, the youngest of them all, has been commissioned to form a new Administration. His colleagues, veterans of many a field, have pledged their loyalty to the new leader. Now he is alone in Sir James's chair. What is it that he is thinking? Oh, yes, the motto of the old Chief. It is running like a remembered refrain in his mind. He stirs, straightens in his chair, his face lightens. Yes, that is it, of course: "Bold enough to be honest; and honest enough to be bold." Of course, that is enough. Some people said it was an election slogan; but this young man knew better than they.

Yes, it is the same room, but what else is the same? Even Mr. Hepburn did not laugh at that, because, you see, that scene was not part of his play. The audience just imagined it.

Suspended in a Vacuum

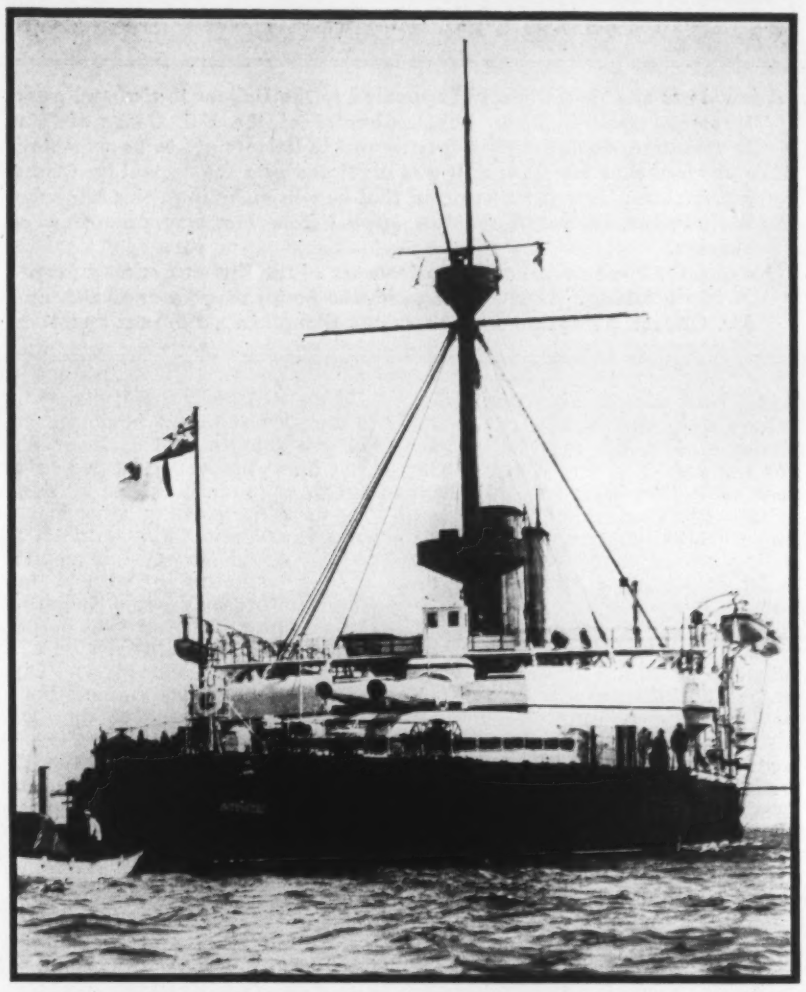
The next scene is the Council Chamber: The first meeting of the Council after these events, October 23, 1942. It was not very important. There were only three members present, Mr. Conant, Mr. Heenan, Mr. Dewan. But that was a quorum, for the President of the Council counts two. Mr. Nixon's resignation had already been received, and it was not yet clear how many members would return to those vacant chairs. The recommendation of the President is before Council that Mr. Hepburn and Mr. McQuesten, in that order, shall act as President of the Council in the absence of the President. It is agreed, without debate. Not exactly a rousing reception for the new President, but better things are in store. At the meeting on October 27, the Council, purged of dissenters, meets again. There are no new members; only two resignations have been presented. The Treasurer (and Deputy-President) sits in Mr. Nixon's seat, and no one doubts that his is the seat of power. The new President feels a little faint: to be President and yet not First Minister; to be House-Leader, but not Leader of the Party; to be the man in the Chair, but not in the seat of power; to be lifted up, but suspended in a vacuum!

Someone says, "By the way, about that $4,000 salary to the First Minister: who gets that?"

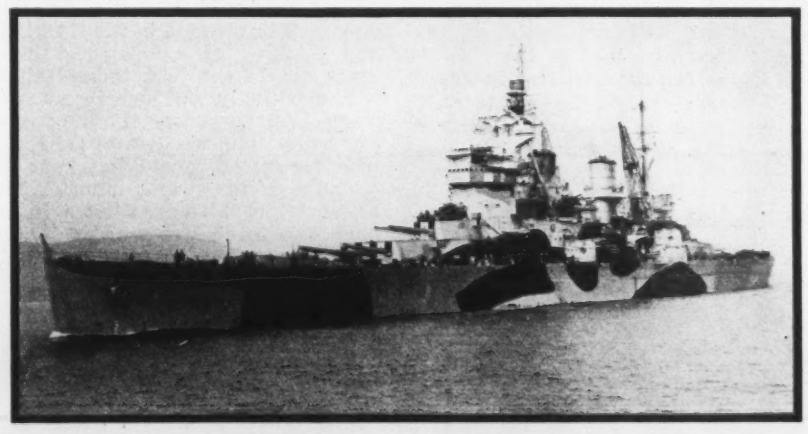
"Oh," says the Treasurer, "leave that to me; I'll fix it."

But the enquirer persists "But who is the First Minister? You remember what Section One of the Executive Council Act says, 'and all Executive Councillors so appointed shall be Ministers of the Crown and shall rank among themselves in the order of their appointments, respectively.'"

Says the Treasurer, "Now never mind about that. Leave that to me. I'll fix it."



An interesting comparison in Britain's ships of war—old and new—is offered in these pictures of H.M.S. "Howe" of 1885 (above) and H.M.S. "Howe" (below) of today. Third of her class to bear this name, the "Howe" of 1885 was a 10,000-tonner, with a main armament of four 13.5 inch guns, a speed of 16½ knots and a complement of 545 officers and men. The "Howe" of 1942, one of the newest ships to join the British fleet, is a 35,000-ton vessel carrying ten 14-inch guns and having a speed of over 30 knots. According to the First Lord of the Admiralty, A. V. Alexander, all naval losses since war began have been replaced.



The next scene is the caucus of the party members in the Assembly. This is, of course, a secret session. No one may disclose its proceedings, but, when it is over, Mr. Hepburn assures the Press that it was all very satisfactory. One gathers that it could hardly have been otherwise. The proposition must have been a very simple one: "Gentlemen, will you have Mr. Conant for Premier, or will you have a general election? Take your choice." Mr. Hepburn says the choice was almost unanimous!

Parallel

Entr'acte: A very wise man, Ferrero by name, recently wrote a book which he called "The Principles of Power." In it he tells the story of an Italian Premier under the monarchy, whose name was Signor Giolitti. The parallel to the story of the Ontario Government, 1934 to 1942, is so striking as to be almost incredible. There was the same unchallengeable authority irresponsibly exercised, the same absorption or neutralizing of the parliamentary opposition, the same retirement from premiership to farm, the same exercise of undiminished power through a deputy and return to office when that power was threatened, and, at the end, there was—for Italy—catastrophe. The author called that government "quasi-legitimate", because it had a pretended title to authority, but no real foundation in the people's will. Using that as an illustration, the author stated certain general principles regarding such governments, and framed one of them in the words which Prince Metternich, a famous Austrian Chancellor, applied to the government of King Louis Philippe of France: "Since the government has merely the value of factuality, one may as well assign it a day's existence as an indefinite continuance. It is impossible to base any estimate on such an existence, for it depends on a concatenation of fortuitous circumstances."

Act II: Enter two university students:

1st Stu: "I don't understand this show at all. Is it a comedy?"

2nd Stu: "No, idiot, it is Greek tragedy, and you have seen only the opening scenes. It moves to inevitable catastrophe."

1st Stu: "Who are the victims?"

2nd Stu: "Why, the audience, of course; they who laugh."

1st Stu: "You're imagining things. You think too much; such men are dangerous. Try to be practical. Who is now Prime Minister of Ontario?"

2nd Stu: "Honorable Mitchell F. Hepburn was sworn as Executive Councillor on July 14, 1934; all others are junior to him. He is now Prime Minister of Ontario."

Churchill's Appeal to Italians May Bear Fruit

BY J. ANDERS

A few days after Mr. Churchill appealed to the Italians to rise and overthrow Mussolini, Elmer Davis, director of the U.S. Office of War Information, declared that open revolt in Italy is not to be expected.
It is obvious that Mr. Churchill was inveigled into the appeal by wrong information. It is to be assumed that he will make inquiries into why his advisors believed that an appeal from him was promising of success.
The inquiry must reveal the hopelessness of the line our enemy propaganda is taking. Thus a change for the better may be expected, and Mr. Churchill's appeal may bear fruit, though in a different direction.

IN HIS book, *Last Train from Berlin*, Howard K. Smith tells of an old Alsatian priest he met in France after the defeat of that country. The priest said: "Go back and tell them we hate the Nazis; but we are not going to fight because we like plum-pudding better than we like *Apfelstrudel*. Give us a slogan and an idea."

Mr. Churchill went on the air and called upon the Italians to rise against Mussolini. It would seem that he had been persuaded the Italians like plum-pudding better than *Apfelstrudel;* and that they are prepared to fight against Mussolini for the difference. A few days after Mr. Churchill's speech, Elmer Davis, director of the U.S. Office for War Information, predicted increasing chaos and disintegration in Italy; but open revolt, he said, is not to be expected. Do we know or don't we know what we can expect of the Italians? Is it not time we learnt something? Is it not time we made them expect something apart from plum-pudding, *Apfelstrudel*, words and bombs? Something, for instance, like freedom and democracy?

Why Not the Germans?

We call upon the Italians to rise. But we do not call upon the Germans to rise. Why? Is it because we believe they are hopeless, or because we believe that as there is a king in Italy chaos will not ensue if the people rise; and that as there is no one above Hitler in Germany chaos must ensue there if the people rise? Do we want to save the Germans from chaos at the cost of a longer war?

This is P.O. Colin G. S. Hodgkinson, first legless RAF pilot since Doug. Bader, leader of the first "All-Canadian Squadron" became a German prisoner. Formerly in the Fleet Air Arm, Hodgkinson lost his legs three years ago in a crash while blind flying. Fitted with steel legs, he returned to flying with a determination to become a fighter pilot. Last month he got his wish: duty with an RAF front-line fighter squadron.

If we call upon the Italian people to sack Mussolini we obviously do so because the King of Italy does not sack him. But once the people sack him we apparently intend to be good friends with the king who does not want to sack him. Maybe the Italian people would accept plum-pudding if they could eat it without being forced to look at Vittorio Emmanuele all the time. Have we ever bothered to find out? It might not be a bad idea to instruct Mr. Myron Taylor to speak with a few Italians instead of talking only to high dignitaries of the Church.

It will be objected that the King of Italy is a prisoner of Mussolini and cannot do anything. For any non-Italian to accept this explanation is tantamount to saying that the gentleman's well-being counts for more than the lives of many of our soldiers. What would happen if he sacked Mussolini and Mussolini refused to go? The dictator would sack the king and, perhaps, his whole house. It is most likely that this would bring about what we want: a rising of the Italian people. That rising would certainly re-enthrone the king, if the people wanted him.

Why, then, does he not sack Mussolini if, as so many people believe, he disfavors him? Because he does not think that the people want him, the king; and that once they are on the move they will not stop after having done with Mussolini. Indeed, one must be steeped in the traditions and thinking of a hidebound diplomacy not to see that those Italians who eventually will overthrow Mussolini do not consider the king to be any better than the dictator; the king who for twenty years has kept the dictator as his prime minister, has allowed him to stab France in the back and to declare war on Britain and the United States because he thinks his personal well-being is more important than decency over the world.

Italians' Choice

We do not even give the Italians the choice between plum-pudding and *Apfelstrudel*, neither of which is their dish, but only that between German and Italian *Apfelstrudel*, between Nazi and Fascist *Apfelstrudel*. That is why we make ourselves ridiculous by today asking them to rise and tomorrow declaring that there is no hope of their rising. Is it not time we learnt something? For instance, that we studied history and social philosophy instead of playing at politics and inviting other people to take part in a game that must appear Greek to them, as indeed it appears Greek to most among ourselves?

We do not talk to the Germans. Yet if we would talk to them and make them listen, the Italians could keep all the Mussolinis and kings they please. The statement that we do not talk to the Germans must not be taken literally. There are endless radio programs directed to the Germans. The BBC has an anonymous (as far as the Germans are concerned) brain-trust for the purpose, and the Americans broadcast through stars, such as Thomas Mann and Dorothy Thompson. If one believes that any revolutionary would listen to these outstanding personalities one must have a queer notion of revolutionaries. There are of course plenty of people in Germany, as elsewhere, who consider it to be an intellectual treat to be addressed by such illustrious authors. But those listeners would go on the barricades in Germany as little as elsewhere; they read of barricades only in historical novels. It is a debatable point whether or not we ought to provide intellectual treats for Germans who have no intention of rising against Hitler.

Soon or Late?

The question of what the Germans ought to be told in order to be made to rise against Hitler cannot be profitably discussed before it has been decided that we want them to rise. We have frequently during the last two years expressed the opinion in these columns that, contrary to widespread belief, appropriate propaganda could stir the Germans up before the hoplessness of their military situation becomes evident to them. The same idea is advanced by Howard K. Smith in his *Last Train from Berlin*. We have expressed the notion because we feel convinced that a German defeat must produce communism in Germany, and not only in Germany of all European countries. The question of whether or not we ought to encourage the German workers, and not simply "the Germans," to rise against Hitler is not at all the question of whether or not we want communism in Germany. It is the question of whether we want communism, since it is inevitable, sooner or later. It is the question of whether we want the war to end sooner or later. The result will be the same as far as Germany is concerned.

The opposite idea, the idea that the Germans are hopeless objects for propaganda, comes from the people who handle our propaganda to the Germans and who want to explain their failure by that idea. Nobody, however, can blame them for their failure; and it were to be wished that they excused themselves, not by blaming the Germans, but by blaming the line of propaganda that is prescribed to them, the line that wants to force upon the Germans the choice between plum-pudding and Hitler.

It is to be hoped, indeed, it is to be expected that that line will soon change. For Churchill obviously must have been misinformed when he called upon the Italians to rise. Somebody must have told him that an appeal from him was promising of success. He certainly will inquire into the matter; he certainly will inquire why advisors inveigled him into that futile appeal. And the inquiry must bear fruit.

THE SCIENCE FRONT

Empires and Elastomers

BY DYSON CARTER

THE power of the British Empire in the Far East can never be restored. After the little yellow men are driven out of Singapore, to raise the Union Jack over that imperial fortress will be only a gesture mocking the past.

The loss of Singapore was a triple blow: moral, military and economic. Only the economic shock was permanent, fatal. Japan won the world's natural rubber supply, a fabulously profitable monopoly. And the fact is that while the Japs will surely lose control of rubber the Empire can never win it back.

Empires are crumbling in their foundations. Research is the destroying force. The Rubber Empire was not swept away by Jap shells and bombs but by Elastomers born in laboratories.

Elastomers are molecules having rubbery properties. There are thousands of elastomers. Chemists have just begun to create them. Outside of Germany and Russia synthetic rubber has long been suppressed by the rubber monopolists, but once the monopoly was unable to deliver the goods research was freed of all restraint. It has made astounding progress.

Naturally, you and I have looked upon synthetic rubber as a substitute material to be rushed into production in order to supply the rubber needs of the armed forces and—we fervently hope—supply us with new tires before the old ones wear down to the cords. Manufactured rubber we look upon as definitely *ersatz*.

Synthetic Rubber Better

Here are the facts. In peacetime we North Americans used nearly 700,000 tons of natural rubber annually. In 1944 we will be making in chemical factories more than that amount of synthetic rubber. In 1945 we will turn out a billion tons. And we will go on making and using synthetic rubber after the war is won. Because it is better than natural rubber.

Why this should be so is simplicity itself. Natural rubber is composed of one kind of elastomer, with definite properties imparted to it by chemical processes that go on inside the rubber tree. Already our chemists have made artificially hundreds of different elastomers. Some of these are far superior to natural rubber. New elastomers are being created for specific requirements, i.e. rubber molecules having specific desired properties. Such elastomers can be combined to give almost any conceivable mixture.

The rubber industry is now in the position the cloth industry would be in, if chemists had suddenly discovered silk, wool, rayon and nylon after fifty years of believing that cotton was the only cloth you could make into clothes.

Synthetic rubber stretches back to before the first World War. The Kaiser's army used a so-called methyl rubber. This was so inferior an elastomer that it went into the discard after the Armistice. A few years later the Rubber Imperialists, ignoring the threat of research, shot the price of natural rubber up to $1.20 a pound, about ten times its legitimate value. German and Russian chemists took up elastomer production as a permanent laboratory project. Very soon they had Buna rubber. They had it first in little flasks. Then they had it in sample tires. Finally it was pouring out of their factories in mass production.

Production of Buna

The manufacture of synthetic rubber is not nearly so complicated as some writers try to convince us with technical terms. Essentially it is a process that makes molecules join together in enormous molecular chains, with the chain links having the peculiar property of elasticity. Polymerisation is the name given to the joining-together process. The joined-up molecules are called polymers. When a polymer has elastic properties it is an elastomer.

Suppose we take the actual production of Buna rubber. It begins with molecules of butadiene (made up of carbon and hydrogen atoms). Butadiene is normally a gas, or about as far removed from an elastomer as any molecule could be. But it is easily liquefied by applying pressure. Liquid butadiene is admitted into a closed vat equipped with powerful agitators and means for controlling exactly the pressure and temperature inside it. To the butadiene are added certain other chemicals, for example styrene or acrylonitrile; most of the addition agents being used today are regarded as military secrets. A catalyst also goes into the mixture. Its function is to get the chemical reaction going. Finally a soap-like substance is added to the vat, together with a large proportion of water, so that the synthetic rubber will take the form of an emulsion of rubber droplets dispersed in water, much as fatty droplets are dispersed in water to give cow's milk.

Several hours of heat, pressure and agitation in the vat bring about the polymerisation of the butadiene molecules. That is, the molecules link together in chains of 2000 to 4000 molecules. At the same time the linkage or bond between the molecules develops special properties. Chemists, physicists and mathematicians have not yet reached agreement as to what the rubber linkages are, so we can best picture them as a molecular bond midway between the bond in *solid* molecules and the bond in *liquid* molecules. Thus the bond between individual molecules in a piece of steel is rigid. Between molecules of water the bond gives freely in two directions (not in three directions as with gas molecules). Speaking very broadly, we can say that a compromise between steel rigidity and water fluidity gives rubber elasticity.

When polymerisation is complete we have Buna rubber in the vat. It comes out looking like milk. Or indeed, like natural rubber latex. In such form it is useless for most purposes. It is pumped to a coagulator where an acid causes the dispersed droplets of rubber to separate from the water. When the rubber "falls out" of the milk it has the appearance of dried raisins. It is filtered, dried and baled, and is then ready for use in the factory.

Hitler's mechanized hordes conquered on Buna tires and treads made by this type of process. The Red Army is driving the Nazi machine to destruction on Buna tires and treads. When the war is won you and I will ride on Buna.

We don't ride on natural rubber any more. Chemists laugh when they hear about plans to open the Far Eastern rubber markets after the war. Natural rubber will be on the market, but only as a substitute for the real thing.

Far from being a wartime makeshift, synthetic rubber is already superior to the stuff that made billions for the British and Dutch Rubber Imperialists. Synthetic rubber tires are now giving 100,000 miles of service. Synthetic rubber inner tubes do not allow air to seep out, and so the tire pressure needs checking only once or twice a year. It is well known in chemical engineering circles that synthetic rubber tires can be produced to outlive the car on which they are sold.

Vast Possibilities

There is no miracle involved here. Working with natural rubber, the tire technician was severely restricted. He had only one elastomer with which to experiment. He could improve rubber products only by adding different non-rubber materials or trying new heat treatments, etc.

Synthetic rubber opens vast experimental possibilities. Because it gives the rubber technician not just one new elastomer, but dozens . . . with unlimited numbers in prospect. *The various elastomers can be mixed to combine their various properties.* This simple fact is revolutionizing rubber technology. It assures synthetic rubber a position among the half dozen basic industrial materials of the world to come.

The gigantic rubber monopoly was built up on that one elastomer. The Japs grabbed the goose that laid so many golden rubber eggs. They got the rubber but not the world monopoly. Nor the power that went with it. They are gone forever. All countries can have better chemical birds that lay elastomers, to order.

CANADA OVERSEAS

The Canadian Army and Its Duty

BY L. S. B. SHAPIRO

London.

THE magnificent showing of the Canadian Army at its review on December 17 has had important repercussions. The review was staged in order to promote these repercussions and not so much in observance of the third anniversary of the first contingent's arrival in Britain.

It is possible for the first time for a war correspondent to discuss these matters without breaking the confidence entrusted to him when he is accredited to the Canadian Army overseas. This was made possible when General McNaughton touched upon the subject at his press conference following the review.

The first and most immediately important repercussion of the review was to settle—for the time being and perhaps for all time—the controversy rumbling, not raging, in Canadian circles and some British military circles over the disinclination of the Canadian overseas command to break up the Canadian organization and send units of our army to join the British on distant fronts, to North Africa or the Middle East.

Some two months ago in Toronto, Viscount Bennett pulled at the fringes of the subject when he publicly stated, "People are asking me why the Canadian Army is idle. I can't answer. I don't know why some Canadians will have to spend their fourth Christmas in England without firing a shot. They say that's not what they came for."

AT HIS press conference General McNaughton used one word which, I feel, gives me the right to set down the known facts in all frankness. This one word was, for reasons unknown, not included in the press reports of the conference which I have seen. The word was "egocentric."

General McNaughton was discussing army policy generally, and he said from many points of view there were definite military advantages in keeping an army like Canada's together.

"This," he said, "doesn't exclude the possibility, however, that sometime in the future it may be necessary to form a force of British, Canadian, American, Australian or South African formations—or of formations from other Allied countries. We are endeavoring to keep our army flexible. There is nothing dogmatic or egocentric about our organization. It is the purpose which will govern." *

In the reports I have read the word "egocentric" has been deleted. But the General uttered the word. And he uttered it (I believe) in reply to the criticism which must have reached his ears.

MR. HANNEN SWAFFER, easily Britain's outstanding writing newspaperman, opened this matter even wider. He was present at the review of the Canadian Army. The following Sunday he wrote in his Sunday feature in "The People" along this line:

"Well, the display proved to me—whatever the War Office may think of it—that McNaughton's army should not be split up, but kept as a separate force. There is in it, you see, so much of the personal element—McNaughton's encouragement of ideas from all ranks, his constant searching out for likely officers, and the magnificent morale that he inspires.

"Yes, it might have gone—in bits—abroad. But then, I am certain, it would have been less valuable.

"Here, waiting, is your bridgehead!"

WHAT is behind all these criticisms and comments? Simply this. There has been criticism of General McNaughton for his failure to send a division or two of Canadians to join the Allied armies on the African fronts. The criticism has taken the shape of a broad hint that General McNaughton keeps the Canadians together in Britain because he does not want to diminish his command, that he is unwilling to deplete his force and thus postpone the day he will command a full army in the field.

In concert with this criticism is the unsubstantiated rumor that the Canadians were invited to send a division to join General Anderson's First Army in North Africa and that the Americans provided the division after General McNaughton had declined the invitation from the War Office.

By staging a review and an exceedingly frank press conference afterward, General McNaughton replied to these rumors and criticisms. A feature of the review was the compactness of the Canadian Army as a striking force. Here, as Mr. Swaffer has written, is your bridgehead. Here is the most highly trained force in the Allied lists. It is highly trained, not because Canadians are necessarily better than their allied associate, but because circumstance has provided them with an opportunity to train longer and under better conditions than any other allied force.

Is it good policy to break up this force which is so highly qualified to undertake the momentous task of spearheading our thrust into Hitler's Europe? General McNaughton apparently thinks it is bad policy—for the Allies, not particularly for the Canadians.

"As has been clearly pointed out before," he stated clearly, "there are no strings whatsoever to the employment of the Canadian Army. We desire only that it should be used to the best advantage against the enemy."

*Editor's Note: As everyone knows, some officers and N.C.O.'s from the Canadian Army in England are now in North Africa gaining battle experience with Britain's 1st Army, and it is reported that others may follow. But this, presumably, is not the "force" to which General McNaughton referred.

M-M-M HOW GOOD IT SMELLS!
LOOK HOW THICK AND RICH!
TASTES SO GRAND!
CANADA
Campbell's
CONDENSED
TOMATO SOUP
CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY
NEW TORONTO ONTARIO
Here's
CANADA'S FAVOURITE BOWL OF SOUP
Wartime menus call for Campbell's Tomato Soup often. Tomatoes, you probably know, are a protective food for the whole family—rich in important vitamins and minerals. And mothers, busy in a dozen different directions, appreciate the fact that this favourite Canadian hot dish is prepared in the twinkling of an eye.
The lively flavour that is always enjoyed in Campbell's Tomato Soup begins with selected tomatoes sun-ripened on Canadian vines — and hurried to Campbell's spotless kitchens. Then there is the added richness of golden table butter—and just a touch of seasoning to make that grand tomato flavour sing right out.
Be sure that you have plenty of Campbell's Tomato Soup on hand, won't you? It's a grand starter for cold-weather meals.
Campbell's TOMATO SOUP
LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL
If you have lunches to pack, a Thermos of Campbell's Tomato Soup will make them more nourishing, more enjoyable.
MADE IN CAMPBELL'S MODERN CANADIAN KITCHENS

THE HITLER WAR

What Went Wrong in North Africa

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

COMMENT on our landing in French North Africa, which was dominated at first by whoops and self-praise for this "perfectly-planned" expedition has petered out in recent weeks to excuses as to why it was not doing better. The first excuse was that we had gotten ahead of our time-table. What an excuse that is! Even the Nazis never tried that one. Then it was the weather. But how we jeer at the Nazis when they fall back on that. Of course, the weather hasn't been nearly so bad for the Axis troops facing us in Tunisia.

It seems high time that we searched out the real reasons, and some of these are evident despite the thick smoke screen of censorship which the American and French authorities have thrown across military and political developments since November 8. The failure of the air arm to do what was expected of it is implicit in the supersession of Doolittle by Major-General Spatz, who has been in charge of American air operations from Great Britain during the past half-year.

Bizerta Coup Failed

We have heard a great deal of the difficulties experienced by our air forces operating in Tunisia from improvised airfields. These accounts probably do not exaggerate in the slightest degree. Our fighter and light bomber squadrons have had to literally create aerodromes out of open fields, bringing in steel "mats" to make landing strips, and all the gasoline, ammunition and various supplies needed, by truck or transport plane.

All this was because we did not take the fine, hard-surfaced aerodromes of Bizerta and Tunis, which the Axis have been using against us to such good effect, at the beginning of the campaign. Why didn't we do this? That was one of the greatest puzzles in the early days, when we heard so much about our parachute troops being flown all the way from Britain to Algiers. Now it becomes a much more insistent question, with the revelation of the executive assistant to the commanding general of the U.S. Army Air Forces, Colonel Shelmire, that we flew "thousands" of troops to North Africa "simultaneously" with the sea-borne invasion of November 7-8. At some places, he declared, they arrived first on the spot.

These forces must have landed in the Oran or Algiers area, since we didn't capture any aerodromes near Casablanca during the first three days. Those at Oran and Algiers fell at the very first blow. So we had hundreds of parachutists and "thousands" of air-borne troops available at Algiers on November 8-9, with the port surrendered the very first day and available for unloading gasoline and supplies. Yet we didn't press on with the capture of the Bizerta-Tunis aerodromes.

Did we intend to, in our original plan? The delay of the first few days, which let the Axis in there, led this commentary to question whether we mightn't have some clever scheme of allowing a certain number of Axis troops into Tunisia so as to draw the Luftwaffe into battle in their support. It was about this time that both Mr. Churchill and General Arnold said that one of our prime motives in going into North Africa was to force another active front on the diminishing German air power.

But looking back over the record, I find that Mr. Churchill declared to the House of Commons on November 11 that "all vital landing ports in North Africa are in Allied hands, but the House may be sure that *many things are going to happen in the next few days.*" He would not presume to enumerate them, he said, but they would give us "far greater facilities for bombing Italy than ever existed before." What happenings could those be but the capture of Tunis and Bizerta, whose aerodromes had been specifically prepared before the war for the contingency of bombing Italy?

Our Air-Borne Troops

The parachutists were flown to Bone, but not to Bizerta. And there is no mention of what the air borne troops, brought with such effort all the way from Britain, did after their initial landing. The distance from Algiers to Bizerta could not have been a factor, as this is only 400 miles and the transports are stated by Colonel Shelmire to have flown 1400 miles non-stop from Britain. The question of fuel to get them away from Bizerta, where they might otherwise have been smashed by Axis air raids, could not have been a factor, as they could have carried enough for the return trip to Algiers.

A very real factor would have been fighter escort. Parachutists might have been dropped safely enough by the first light of dawn, but fighter planes would have had to come in immediately the fields were taken, in order to cover the landing of the air-borne troops, light anti-aircraft guns and other equipment and supplies, by transport plane. Lockheed *Lightnings* were available for this, and have the range to fly in from Gibraltar via Algiers, or directly across France from Britain, for that matter. As far as local opposition was concerned, the French commanding general in Tunisia, Barré, had declared for our side.

The Prize a Big One

Admittedly, there were plenty of risks to the operation. But we had the equipment on hand, and the prize was a big one: months of time saved and fine aerodromes which would permit us to dominate the Sicilian Narrows. Instead, the enemy seized the initiative, landing an estimated 500 air-borne troops at the El Alouina field outside Tunis, and the Sidi Ahmed field, near Bizerta. The story that he also landed tanks by air is highly suspect; a 15-ton tank today classifies as a light one, and the maximum carrying capacity of his biggest operational plane, the 4-motored Heinkel 177, is about 8 tons. The great Douglas B-19 carries only 18 tons, which is not to say that it could *stow* an 18-ton tank, or carry such a vehicle slung between its legs.

Once we failed to beat the enemy to the excellent Tunis-Bizerta aerodromes, he had the advantage over us in the ability to cover his troops operating in that area. We tried to push forward a land striking force, composed of approximately one division of General Anderson's First Army with improvised air cover, to overrun the Tunis-Bizerta corner before the Axis could get thoroughly established there.

The advanced patrols of this force, landed at Algiers on November 8-9, had crossed the Tunisian border within a week's time, representing an average daily travel of about 60 miles, or somewhat short of the speed of lightning. On November 17 they encountered the first enemy armored patrol, and threw it back. Other elements appear to have been landed at Bone, which we occupied on November 12, and by November 28 the force had pushed to within a dozen miles of Tunis, representing an average daily advance of about 12 miles.

A Time for Daring

Without minimizing the difficulties of the terrain and supply, it seems that with all our meticulous preparation, and with the wonderful luck which we had in taking Algiers, the chief port of North Africa, on the first day, we could have done better. It is hard to avoid the conclusion that too much caution was observed at a moment when a daring gamble was called for. Even a week after our landing, the Axis forces in Tunisia were estimated at only 10,000. Now they are put at 70,000, and we have a long, bloody struggle on our hands, which it is said cannot even be begun in the present weather.

This will delay our further advance against the Italian islands and Italy herself, giving Hitler time to strengthen his dispositions here and take a firmer grip on the Italian people. Energy which we might have used to take Sardinia or Sicily is going to be absorbed in Tunisia, and the bombs which Mr. Churchill anticipated would soon be falling on Italy are being used to destroy the valuable harbors and aerodromes which he hoped would be ours "in a few days." Once again Africa has dealt us a disappointment; once again the enemy has moved faster than we expected.

There remains this consolation, that we have to fight the Germans somewhere, and Tunisia is by no means the worst place we could do it. We continue to take a heavy toll of enemy shipping, and if Hitler values his bridgehead on the African shore (it represents the keystone of his southern defence system) so much

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—Churchill

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Already upon the horizon, now lighted by a red dawn, we see strange shapes appearing—old forces in new forms and power demanding to be adjusted to national and international life.

But we in the British Commonwealth of Nations need not be dismayed. We are fortunate in that we can draw upon deep reserves of experience in adjusting the dynamics of individual initiative to furtherance of the common weal. True we face troubled seas; but we do so in a stout ship well balanced with sound common sense and manned by men of wisdom and good will.

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that he is willing to commit the Luftwaffe to an all-out battle to hold it, then Mr. Churchill and General Arnold have expressed their satisfaction with that prospect.

Our commanders and troops have to gain battle experience, and surely they can do this at much less cost around Medjez-el-Bab than at Dieppe. And, by carrying the war to Tunisia, we gain the prospective aid of a quarter of a million or more French troops.

The Political Problem

The full aid of French North Africa will remain "prospective" until we have found a solution to the political situation there. There is a fine-sounding saying, which one still hears from time to time, that we "shouldn't interfere in other people's internal affairs." I remember hearing Chamberlainites say that about Germany, before the war. Can anyone still seriously believe that we can disregard the internal regime which France, or Germany, or Italy, or Japan should choose to set up or have imposed on it, today, or after the war?

We will never get the kind of co-operation we want in putting North Africa's spirit and resources back into the war from men like Noguès, the Resident-General of Morocco, Chatel, the Governor-General of Algeria, or Boisson, the Governor-General of West Africa. They haven't the same aims which we have; they envision an entirely different France than the one we want to liberate and have as a post-war partner. Should it not be enough that Noguès and Chatel fought us bitterly at Casablanca and Oran, while Boisson babbled for a year of his eagerness to do so at Dakar?

Noguès the Worst

Noguès is the most important of the three, and I think that it is little realized how hard he did fight at Casablanca. Is it realized that we had to destroy 126 French planes in this fighting? Or that he fought the whole naval force under his command, the big new battleship *Jean Bart*, a light cruiser, destroyers and submarines, until nearly all had been destroyed? A man who fights thus against our vision of a liberated, democratic North Africa and France can never become a trusted or vigorous ally.

It is against such reactionaries as Noguès that General Giraud is struggling to reinvigorate North Africa and gather a powerful French Army with which to help in the liberation of France. Giraud is a man in whom one can feel the utmost confidence. He is known as France's doughtiest living fighter. André Maurois says that in many talks with him which he had during the early part of the war he found him "without political bias." And Giraud was quoted by an American interviewer in North Africa, before he became High Commissioner, as saying that the three sublime words for Frenchmen were "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité"—which means that he believes in the republic. Vichyites such as Pétain, Darlan and Noguès had abolished this republican motto, and aimed to set up an authoritarian France.

But Giraud is no politician, and dealing with such politically adept, strongly entrenched elements as Noguès, Chatel, Boisson and the minor officials whom these men have in their pockets, he has been able to make little headway. Thus, the political situation in North Africa has scarcely improved during the two months since our arrival. Indeed, it has become more entangled. The lid has been lifted on the whole bitter, unsavory mess of politics which poisoned and disrupted France in the years before the war. And together with this, there is the native problem of North Africa, which has been scarcely mentioned or realized in American circles.

This entangled situation has been left to the judgment of a junior American diplomat, Robert Murphy, and to the State Department in Washington, which has always shown itself over-friendly to the Vichy regime and not so long ago referred to those gallant men who risked all from the beginning to carry on the fight for France as "the so-called Free French."

Suppressing news of military progress and such political events as the assassination of Darlan and the arrest of Frenchmen who aided our landing, the French and American authorities in North Africa have partially succeeded in preventing the public in Britain and America, *which is paying for this war with its sons and its money*, from knowing the true situation.

Russia Asserts Interest

In the long run, however, such censorship is not able to disguise the lack of military success. And Britain and Russia were bound to assert their stake in French political development. Britain has now sent Harold Macmillan, a strong character and an anti-Munichite from the first, as Minister to North Africa; and there are persistent reports that Moscow is expressing its concern and wishes to be represented there also.

Perhaps these new Allied ministers, as a beginning, can arrange for the release of de Gaullist, liberal and Leftist Frenchmen from concentration camp, a step long ago requested by President Roosevelt but not yet carried out. As the French writer Pertinax suggests, however, nothing less than the removal of Noguès and the other leading reactionaries would appear necessary to clear the road to the meeting between Giraud and de Gaulle, upon which these two gallant soldiers have already agreed "in principle."

We have the strength to do this, once London and Washington can agree to such intervention in French politics, or indeed, can agree on their French policy as a whole. For it is a fact not to be ignored that London is still handing over occupied French territories such as Madagascar and Jibuti to the Fighting French of General de Gaulle, while Washington persists in ignoring this movement and its leader. Difficult to get along with, he may be; but surely he has proven himself the most vigorous French leader of the day.

It has just been disclosed that we flew thousands of air-borne troops to North Africa, bearing out stories from Portugal of great armadas sighted. Here are troops in the British eight-man "Hotspur" glider plane.

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LATEST WAR BOOKS

How the Italians Feel About War and Americans

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

THE Rome diary of the Packards, United Press representatives in the Italian capital for the past several years, has been compared by some endorsers with Shirer's *Berlin Diary*. It is by no means such a good book, neither so well-written, nor so penetrating, and too hazy on military facts to be a first-class war record. Yet it is an important work, bringing a valuable and most timely picture of the Italian people.

The big thing about the Packards' account is that it confirms that most Italians are still as they always were, civilized, friendly and inefficient, and not fundamentally changed, as the Germans have been, by a number of years of Fascist rule. All of the other kind, the nasty ones, the pushers and the rough-necks, have been segregated in the Fascist organizations—which ought to prove a great convenience when clean-up time comes.

The Packards are strongly pro-Italian and anti-Fascist. Following this line they defend the record of the non-Fascist Italian Navy—to the disparagement of the British Navy; and lambaste the wholly Fascist Italian air force—without giving any credit for its defeat to the RAF.

Not that one could point to anything in their book which could be labelled unfriendly to the British. But then there is nothing which is friendly; and that is not a good attitude for an ally. They detract, for instance, from the planning and execution of the Taranto blow, and imply that the BBC gave a deliberately false account of a minor naval battle which followed, in the Tyrrhenian Sea.

They take a similar attitude towards Wavell's brilliant offensive in Libya. It is an historic fact that this was carried out by a British ground force far inferior in numbers to the invading Italians, and an air force inferior by one to four, including just 32 modern Hurricane fighters. Yet the Packards give a picture of the British "gathering together at Suez, Alexandria and Mersa Matruh the kind of weapons with which they had seen the Germans crush the French Army", and falling on Graziani's "outmoded" colonial army with the "immeasurably superior armament" of their "mechanized divisions". To top it, they don't accept the British figure of 122,000 prisoners captured, but reduce this to "about 90,000".

Unshakeable Friendliness

But let us skip all that, and, merely noting the limitations of our authors, get on with their very interesting report on people and politics in Italy. The thing which stands out above all others is the unshakeable friendliness of the Italian people towards Americans. It must have been discouraging work for the Ministry of Unpopular Culture (as they always refer to it) trying to get the people to hate the American enemy, give up his customs and purge their language of his words.

To break Italian women of the "decadent" American custom of wearing slacks, for example, the Fascist authorities set young Party toughs to tear these off them on the street. We are told that Eleanor Packard, running across the road to the drug store in her house slacks one day, "lost the key buttons" but the story ends there!

But the people remained incurably pro-American. Almost every Italian family had a member in America who had been writing home for years about the wonders of that land, and probably exaggerating his success there. Enormous sums poured home as remittances to the families, and the dollar was unshakeably established in Italian minds as the world's soundest currency. When American funds were frozen in Italy a few months before the war, restaurant keepers cheerfully "charged it", and Italian friends and trades people freely loaned lira to be repaid in dollars *after the war!*

This friendliness was so noticeable that less than a month before Italy declared war on the United States the leader of the German correspondents complained during the daily press conference that "any American receives better treatment than Germans from Italian shop-keepers."

Just "Thinking Ahead"?

Even the outbreak of war seems to have made little change. To the American correspondents interned in the charming old city of Siena, "the clerks in stores were extremely friendly, and were always giving us more than we were entitled to under rationing laws. . . It seemed to all of us that wherever we went we were given preferential treatment, in barber-shops, tea-rooms, bars, millinery stores or grocery shops. Twice we received anonymous presents of champagne . . . and Reynolds had to cease going to one cinema because the ticket-seller insisted on giving him a free pass."

It seems a somewhat shabby return for this friendliness for the Packards to ask "how far it could be trusted?" Were these people only "thinking ahead, thinking of the day when Americans would return to Italy and they would be able to recall with pride that gesture of friendliness on the eve of war?"

It will be gathered that the American correspondents had an amazing internment experience. True, the blackshirt authorities in Rome worked off a little spite on Reynolds, who had given them the slip earlier by dashing through a cordon of guards into the American Embassy. They locked him up first in a jail toilet, then in a cell with a safe-cracker, and for several days afterwards confined him and the other male correspondents in a former brothel.

But after 10 days of this they were

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moved to Siena, where they had their choice of all available rooms in the best hotel in town, with the largest one for their "club". They were free to shop all about town, and go to the bars and movies. They were allowed a radio with which to pick up the BBC and American news. Visitors were permitted from Rome and elsewhere, and they could phone long-distance all over Italy two or three times a day.

Later, to their astonishment, when a "bicycle craze" succeeded their museum-visiting craze, their antique-collecting craze, their crayon-drawing craze, their beard-growing and bird-raising contests (no connection between the two!), they were allowed to make long cross-country excursions during which they bought contraband eggs, butter and flour. The only real problem which internment imposed was in getting along with each other, as none of them had been very congenial in Rome.

Fascist leaders passing through town, however, resented the friendly relations between the hotel employees and the internees, and the fact that the latter seemed to be enjoying themselves so much, so that the local police chief called them before him for a blustery harangue. He ended by telling them that he didn't think they had done anything seriously wrong, "but it is bad for Fascist morale when the Italian people see interned enemies living so much better than themselves"! Some weeks later he called them, and told them, all smiles, the news of their repatriation.

No Spontaneous Rising

While the Packards believe that this native friendliness assures us of an enormous potential Fifth Column in Italy, and assert that Mussolini now has the support of no more than 10 per cent of the nation, and the German alliance is intensely disliked, they hold out no hope of a spontaneous rising. The people, they say, are lethargic; they are incapable of being aroused to revolt. What we may look for is something like Gandhi's passive resistance movement, a sort of sit-down, slow-down strike. Only there is no Gandhi in Italy.

The two leaders who might have led a popular revolt against Mussolini's regime are dead: Italo Balbo, who was shot down as almost the first success of his own anti-aircraft artillery at Tobruk, and the Duke of Aosta, who put up such a gallant finish fight in Ethiopia but died after his surrender.

Badoglio, of whom we often hear, is the only prominent Italian who was publicly anti-Fascist for a long time and got away with it; but he is too old and cautious. Graziani is also considered anti-Fascist, but has a bad reputation among the people for brutality. There is a possibility of a "palace" revolution within the regime by Ciano, Grandi or Farinacci, the Packards believe, but I can't see what this would accomplish from our point of view.

The King they completely exclude as leader of a revolt against Mussolini's regime. He is popular, but regarded as a kindly, patriotic and not too brilliant old gentleman who could never in the world guide the country through such a crisis. Nor is Crown Prince Umberto enough of a leader for the job. The only possible way to raise the Italians is therefore through a large-scale invasion by an Anglo-American army—"with emphasis on the American."

There is much more in this book, about Fascist politics, Vatican politics, German politics, and U.S. Embassy politics; but mostly about the Italian character. One meets Italian parents who are relieved and delighted to hear that their sons are prisoners of the British; and Italians who are at once angry at the Germans for failing against Britain and Russia, and thus prolonging the war, yet relieved to see that these "supermen" could fail, just as they had. The same Italians, after asking querulously why the Germans didn't "do something" when Wavell was chasing them across Libya, were deeply resentful when Rommel arrived and took over the whole show.

The Packards' Italians are without the slightest confidence in their own currency, or in the government rationing regulations. Bootlegging of foreign exchange and rationed commodities is widespread amongst the whole population, with the Fascist officials well in the lead and on the inside track. Germans are intensely disliked, and served last in stores and restaurants.

Altogether it is a tragic story about a people who are "not half such good fighters as they believe themselves to be, nor half so bad as others believe", who were dragged into this war against their will, and forced to fight alongside their traditional and instinctive enemies against their best friends, and who yet feel there is nothing they can do about it.

The story has a typically Italian ending, as the American repatriates are whisked away to their train during the "siesta" hour, two to three in the afternoon. What, one may ask, can Mussolini and Hitler do with a people who won't give up their siesta for a war? But we might be wise to ask also, will they give it up for us?

"And Hell Followed"

The cover jacket on Odette Keun's book *And Hell Followed. . .* says that it is terrific, and I won't dispute that. The writer is half-Dutch, nearly half-French and the remaining part Greek. She has written previous books in English on Russia, Germany, Britain, the United States, the Caucasus, the Soudan and the T.V.A. She herself says she was born a Cassandra; and she might not inaptly be described as a female Douglas Reed, without his anti-Semitism and his moaning.

Her preface will give some idea of the bite of this book. Being in Britain when her own countries, Holland and France were overrun, she remained "not unwillingly, but not quite freely either." For the British Government was squatting on her capital and she "could not withdraw it from under its vast and adhesive bottom." Thus she went through the blitzes, saw the virtues and defects of the British people, and was so deeply moved that she determined to render them, in her way, some service.

This book is it. It is an attempt "to get into their incomparably decent, but superlatively thick, heads, a few straightforward notions about this conflict—for to my European mind it appeared as if their knowledge of it could easily be enclosed within a nutshell." She believes that since they could take the Nazi air raids they will be able to take her well-meant, if slightly acidulous, expoundings. "*Somebody* has to keep buzzing at them", if they are to be prevented from falling into another of their customary trances after this war; for if it all happened just once more nothing could be saved.

This is not, as it may sound, the voice of conceit, but simply Madame Keun's frank acceptance of the role of gadfly. Perhaps we might have thought two years ago, in the midst of the fall of France and the blitz against Britain, that if we ever got through this we could never be so foolish again. But who, looking about at the indications that, while isolationism again warily raises its head in the United States, the "United Nations" are by no means yet united in purpose or spirit and have evolved no clear pattern for post-war world reorganization, can be so sure today that a better world order will automatically follow from our ordeal?

Order in Our Minds

I often think of Premier King's remark, at Toronto's first reception for Mr. Willkie, that if a better order is not in our minds and our hearts by the time the war is ended, we will not find one waiting all conveniently drafted out, on the peace table.

Now the British people are doing fairly well at sketching out the new order which they want within their own country after the war, being probably ahead of the other Allied nations in this regard, if proceeding too slowly to satisfy many Britons. But Odette Keun believes that they will have "endless trouble" in their international dealings after victory—particularly with the European continent—if they don't improve their knowledge of its history and its affairs, learn what Europeans think of British dealing in the past, and generally sharpen up their thinking instead of going along by feel.

These are the objectives of her book, which is a deceptively little one in its paper-saving English format and small type. There are many people who would denounce it sharply, believing that in wartime morale is best maintained if you present all the justice and fine traits on one's own side and all the faults and evil on the enemy side.

Madame Keun believes that the people should know the best and the worst, their own faults and mistakes as well as the enemy's, and above all, should know just what the outside world thinks of them. The result of her determination is a spirited, intelligent, well-informed book which will interest others than Britons, which is really a *tour de force* from beginning to end, interspersed with brilliant characterizations of leaders and nations. I find it quite impossible to convey its essence by a few quotations. But I think that those who take the trouble to find a copy will vote their time well spent.

Edgar McInnis' history of the war is a very different affair, a cool, detached appraisal. The third volume, binding together the four quarterly parts issued during the past year, is now at hand, with an introductory essay by Walter Millis. For anyone trying to figure out the course of the war during the coming year, and its probable duration—and who is not?—it would be hard to imagine a more valuable aid than this review of the great and terrible year just past, the year of the Turning of the Tide. Competently assembled and well-written, the reviewer can still say, as he did of the first quarterly part, back in 1940, that he has yet to come across a better current history of the war than this Toronto work.

Among the books received lately are two colorful picture books by Random House on submarines and war planes. They are very bright and attractive, but those who are looking for comprehensive and technically accurate handbooks on either of these subjects will not find them here. The book on fighting planes covers most of the well-known types of the warring nations, but has quite a number of errors in technical data.

Unacknowledged Debt

The work on submarines treats this as virtually an American development, and is concerned almost entirely with the American submarine service. Among its claims is that "immediately" after the U.S. entered the last war in April 1917 the U-boat picture was changed. Quite correctly it says that 178 U-boats were destroyed during the last war. What it doesn't say is that the U.S. Navy accounted for just *one* of these, and helped with another.

Needless to say, the American people are carefully preserved from the knowledge that, after two and a half years of this war during which they were entirely free, behind the barriers of our resistance, to make preparations, they had to call in British and Canadian destroyers, corvettes and Coastal Command squadrons to ward off the U-boat menace from their very front door.

I don't say this in any mean spirit. But *we* are quick to acknowledge how much American help has meant to us since the destroyer deal of 1940, and would it not be better for Anglo-American relations if American writers would not, for example, keep it so carefully from their people that the latest improvement in the P-40 Kittyhawk was made possible by inserting a British-designed engine?

Harold Booth's pictorial *Book of Modern Warplanes* is better than most similar attempts. The pictures are good, and the data moderate and reliable. But what is an account which leaves out the Hurricane, the Liberator, the ME 109, the Junkers 88, the Stormovik and the Mitsubishi 97? And how "modern" is it without the Thunderbolt, the Lancaster, or the North American B-25?

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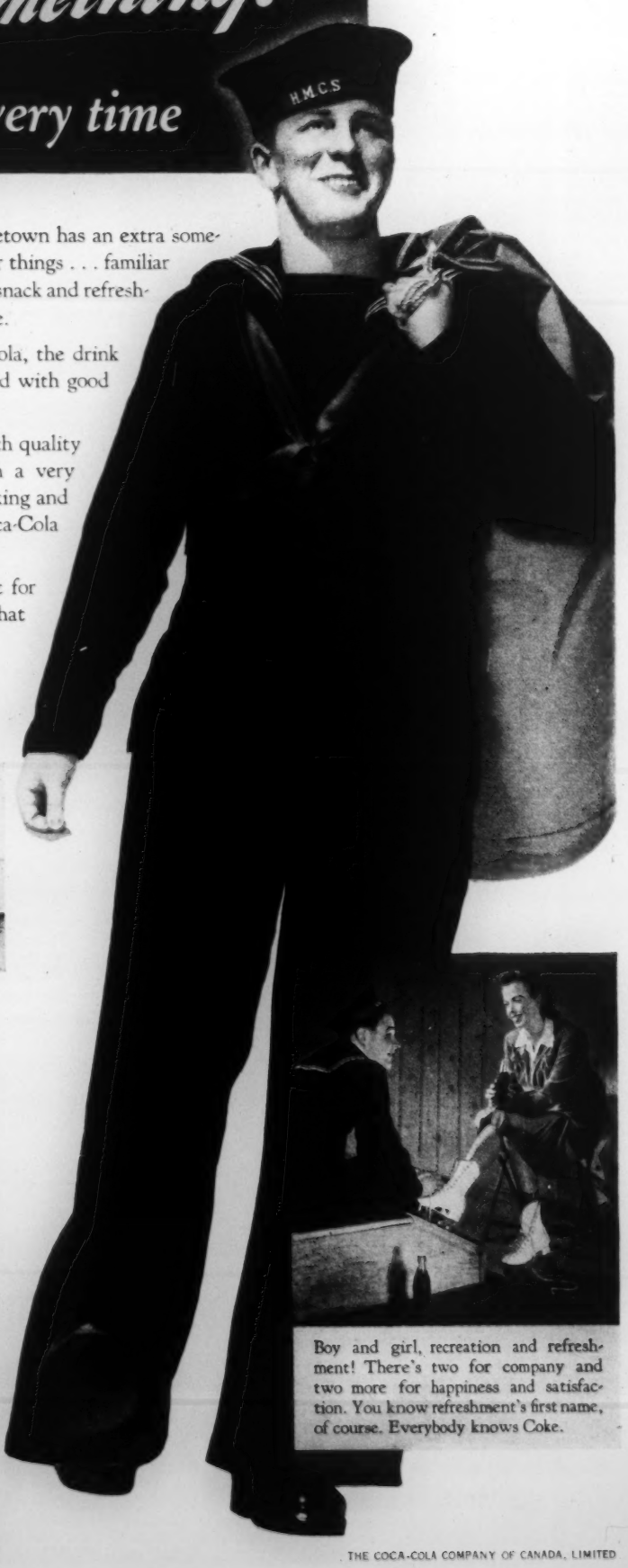

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THE COCA-COLA COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

Canadian Artists Should be Recording the War

BY FRANCIS FLAHERTY

Canada has official historians at work recording the war for posterity.
The government has scores of publicity officers telling about the war effort through the press and the radio.
It has photographers making movie and still pictures of all phases of the war.
But as yet it has not given artists a chance to paint pictures which can send ideas direct into the minds of busy or prejudiced people.

IN 1917 and 1918 Canada pioneered in the field of war art and built up the most important pictorial record made by any country of the performance of its soldiers, sailors, airmen and munitions workers.

Now, with infinitely more artistic talent upon which to draw, nothing is being done about recording the story of Canada's new army, not to speak of the navy, the air force and a giant war industry, on canvas. Other countries, however, have not been slow to follow the examples set by Canada in the first great war. The United Kingdom, Australia and others have put their artists to work making pictures, not merely for the sake of historical records, but to serve as a source of inspiration to their peoples. The United States is doing it on a large scale. Even Poland, a government without a country has its own artists attached to the Polish forces in the United Kingdom and elsewhere.

Canadian artists are waiting to be mobilized and the National Gallery of Canada has a plan for their mobilization. All that is needed is official interest and approval and so far the artists' proffered contribution has been overlooked in the pre-occupation of war leaders with more immediate and material things.

Possibly the new Wartime Information Board, concerned as it is, among other things, in making the Canadian war effort better known in the United States and elsewhere may do something to get the abler Canadian artists at work recording the greatest crisis the nation has yet faced. Because nothing has been done so far Canada has already lost one opportunity to tell its war story and if nothing is done more will be lost.

Recently the British Artists' Advisory committee put on exhibition a collection of pictures made by British artists on war subjects. It was shown in Canada and in the United States as well as in Britain and was so successful the British committee decided to arrange an exhibition of the war art of the dominions. Canada was asked to make a contribution but had none to make. Australia and some others had worthwhile contributions. Canadian artists whose work has attracted increasing international attention in recent years are well qualified to place the story of their country's war role in the salons of the world and in its proper relationship to the stories portrayed by the artists of the other United Nations.

Lord Beaverbrook was responsible for the employment of Canadian artists in the first great war and for the production of an imposing artistic record much of which has been on exhibition continuously since 1921. Perhaps if funds cropped up from some unexpected source now as they did then the task of selling the idea might be easier. As officer in charge of Canadian War Records Beaverbrook (then Sir Max Aitken) had motion pictures made of the activities of the Canadian army in France.

A Profitable Effort

Although intended primarily for propaganda on the home front the pictures were shown extensively in the United States and made money. He used the money to employ artists and in all some 1,000 pictures were made. "The Landing of the First Canadian Division at St. Nazaire", by Edgar Bundy and "The Conquerors" by Eric Kennington are two of the more notable. Lord Beaverbrook's idea of a war memorial gallery at Ottawa which would have provided a permanent home for the collection as well as for the extensive collection of war photographs accumulated by his organization was never made a reality but many thousands of Canadians have seen the best of the pictures.

A number are hung in the Senate chamber at Ottawa, and others in the National Gallery. They have been sent on loan to galleries throughout the country.

Towards the end of the first Great War, Canada's example was followed by both the United Kingdom and the United States but the Canadian collection is still the most important art record in existence of the first Great War.

The British government went to work early in the present war and the Artists' Advisory committee was formed. It consists of Sir Kenneth Clark, director of the National Gallery, chairman, Sir Muirhead Bone, Sir Walter Russell and P. H. Jowett, who are responsible for selection of suitable artists. Representatives of the Admiralty, the war office, the air ministry, the home office and the ministry of information sit in with the committee to co-ordinate its work in portraying the different fields of war activity and to arrange for the co-operation of their departments.

The British system involves employment of artists on salary for limited periods of time, commissioning of artists for special work on a fee basis and purchase of works produced independently by artists who are permitted to paint war subjects.

Australian artists went with the troops to the battle front in Libya and in other areas and their work has already attracted attention. Had one or two Canadian artists been with the men who landed at Dieppe they might have caught the highlights of that unusual and grim operation in a way which can never be recorded either by the camera or in words.

Whatever its outcome the present war is one of the great episodes in the history of the Canadian people. No other event so far has touched so many people so intimately and before it ends it is certain to leave still more lasting marks on the lives of communities and individuals.

Specific Commissions

The suggestion has been put forward that war activities in Canada be recorded under a plan somewhat along the lines of the Federal Art Project in the United States. Artists could be given an opportunity to sketch war activities in all parts of Canada with a view to receiving commissions later for mural decorations in federal buildings throughout the country. Thus naval activities incidental to the present fight against U-boats might be portrayed for posterity in public buildings at Halifax and other maritime cities.

In the same plan it is proposed that a limited number of representative Canadian artists be permitted to accompany the forces overseas, perhaps with honorary or courtesy commissions, for periods of not more than six months each. They would not produce finished paintings in the first instance but would sketch and make notes on all phases of the work of the force to which they were attached, land, sea, or air. Later on the picture ideas of all the artists so assigned would be submitted to a board of art authorities who would decide or recommend a decision on what pictures should be painted to create a balanced record of the war in pictures.

Two useful results to be obtained from a war art program have been mentioned above, telling the world about Canada's war effort and recording it for posterity. There are other useful results to be obtained, some of the more important being in the field of internal propaganda. Good war pictures, exhibited at the proper time help lift the morale of the people, bring home the meaning of modern war, give Canadians a greater pride in their fighting forces. They can stir the imagination and help create the spiritual ideal necessary for victory.

In the different but related field of poster art there is room for the employment of more of the country's talent. The poster as a means of telling a story has never been fully exploited in Canada. Much of the esprit de corps of the Russian people in their ordeal of the past year and a half can be attributed to the Soviet government's effective use of visual propaganda on the home front by means of posters.

Every good picture, whether it be a poster or a more ambitious work of art, contains an idea and is a short cut for the passage of that idea from the mind of one person into the minds of others. Short cuts for the passage of ideas are needed in wartime particularly because many of the people who need the ideas are too busy to read or listen to speeches.

Ideas conveyed by pictures can smash through prejudices where they can not break through on the medium of the spoken or written word. Many Americans, not previously well disposed towards things British were profoundly moved by the "Britain at War" exhibition of last year.

In recent years Canadian art has definitely come of age. It has passed out of the stage of imitation and into that of independent creation. If employed under sympathetic and imaginative direction during the war and on war tasks it can broaden its appeal and identify itself still more closely with the life and work of the nation.

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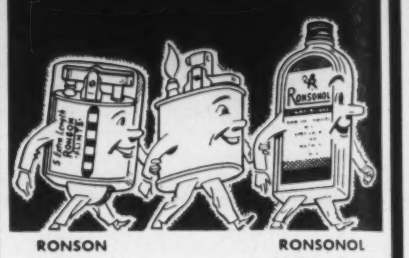

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THIS WEEK IN RADIO

Canada Has Real Radio Dramatists

BY FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

ONE of these days Canadians are going to lose that inferiority complex of theirs, stick out their collective chests, and realize that we have in Canada at long last some young men who can write dramatic radio plays, other young men who can act in them, and other young men who can produce these plays with skill comparable to some of the best in United States.

This line of thought was provoked by the CBC's decision to re-broadcast the five best radio plays of 1942 in the time usually used by the National War Finance Committee on Sunday nights. Five plays were selected for the series, the first of them Len Peterson's "The People", broadcast from Toronto and produced by Syd Brown.

If you were to talk to Syd Brown you'd discover that he wasn't at all pleased with the way "The People" was produced. But listeners were intrigued by the fine writing of the play, the freshness of the thirty young actors and actresses who played in it, the originality of Howard Cable's music, and the skill of Brown in producing it in the way he did. Half the players in "The People" had never broadcast over the CBC network in their lives before.

Len Peterson is a Toronto man. He's very young. That's all I know about him. But I suggest that all of us will hear much more from him. Fourth in the series of "Best Plays of 1942" is to be another from his pen: "Look at one of those faces". Last Sunday night, the play came from Vancouver. The writer of the play was Fletcher Markle, the producer Andrew Allan.

ONE of the most ambitious efforts of the CBC in the dramatic field has been the "Our Canada" series, now nearing its 13th broadcast. These programs are heard Sunday nights. They were written by Gerald Noxon, a young freelance radio writer. Most of the "actualities" for the programs were recorded on discs by Frank Willis, of the CBC, during a cross-Canada tour he made last summer. Mavor Moore, who is making a good name for himself as a radio producer, has produced the shows, with Frank Willis acting as supervisor.

A couple of Sundays ago the show featured brief comments by at least a dozen artists, writers and musicians across Canada. The voices came from every province of Canada, (some of them on records). I found the whole thing fascinating. For the first time on the air could be heard the voices of Canadian artists in a variety of fields. Some of them were young and inexperienced, like Bob Farnon. Others like Sir Ernest MacMillan shared the program. In a way seldom achieved by the CBC the 3,000 miles between the eastern coast and the Pacific seemed to be just a little span, and the people in it a happy family of creative artists.

The CBC should do more things like this. Teachers, editors, reporters, civic officials in widespread areas might be brought together by the magic of radio, so that Canadians must learn more about the "whole" of Canada and less about its separate parts. In such broadcasts will the people of Canada find a pride of country. That feeling of inferiority many of us suffer will drop away. We will be glad to be "Canadians".

THE program supervisor of the CBC, Ernest Bushnell, has announced "re-invigorated programs for 1943 . . , with established features strengthened and new features added". It will be a surprise to many listeners that "Newbridge" is to return to the air for another 13 weeks, five nights a week. Many listeners, hearing the first series, described it as "corn" of the first water. Others said it was "good corn". Well, here it is back again, and no doubt Tommy Tweed will play the role of Editor Roebuck again.

A great host of listeners will welcome the news that Alexander Chuhaldin has returned to the airways, this time with a 40-piece orchestra, to be heard Wednesday evenings. There can be no doubt about the popularity of Chuhaldin's musicians. They have won a firm place in the hearts of listeners who expressed in no uncertain words their displeasure when the CBC decided to give them a little holiday a while back.

After the news was broadcast the other night (Tuesday, to be exact) it was interesting to hear Cyril James, of McGill University, introduce a new series of broadcasts which will inform Canadians what universities are doing in the way of research for the war effort. This new series, the first of which dealt with gas in warfare, promises to be an interesting one. There is anticipation, too, in the series of broadcasts on post-war problems, in which Robert B. Inch, formerly of the League of Nations Society, will have a leading part as writer.

AFTER a long time, the broadcasting of R. B. Farrell, journalist, of Ottawa, has come to an end. That is, for the time being, on the CBC national network. A letter from the manager of the CBC to Mr. Farrell terminated the long association he had had with the CBC. His final broadcast, in writing, and authorized by CBC officials, was given over the air as scheduled. And then, with a few seconds to go, Mr. Farrell undertook to say a few things on his own not in his script. It wasn't *what* Mr. Farrell said that shocked the CBC management. It was *how* he said them. His words indicated that he had been ordered off the air, by the personal instructions of the new general manager of the CBC. Then he went on to say something about his quarter of a million listeners.

I suppose this is as good a place to say it as anywhere . . . no person in Canada has "squatter rights" on the CBC network. Mr. Farrell has been on the air a long time, and has been well paid for his efforts. With a great deal of fanfare and the regularity of his broadcasting he had built up quite a following. There were others who objected to what they described as a "pompous" manner of delivery. During the Parliamentary Committee on Radio investigation, it was brought out that the CBC program department had long ago wanted to end the Farrell broadcasts, but for some reason they had been continued.

Well, the broadcasts are over, but we will wager a cookie there will be efforts made to have the CBC change its mind.

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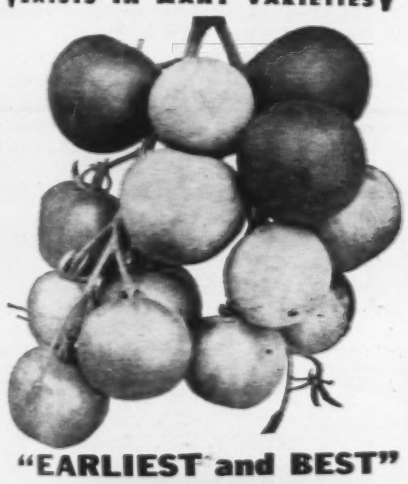
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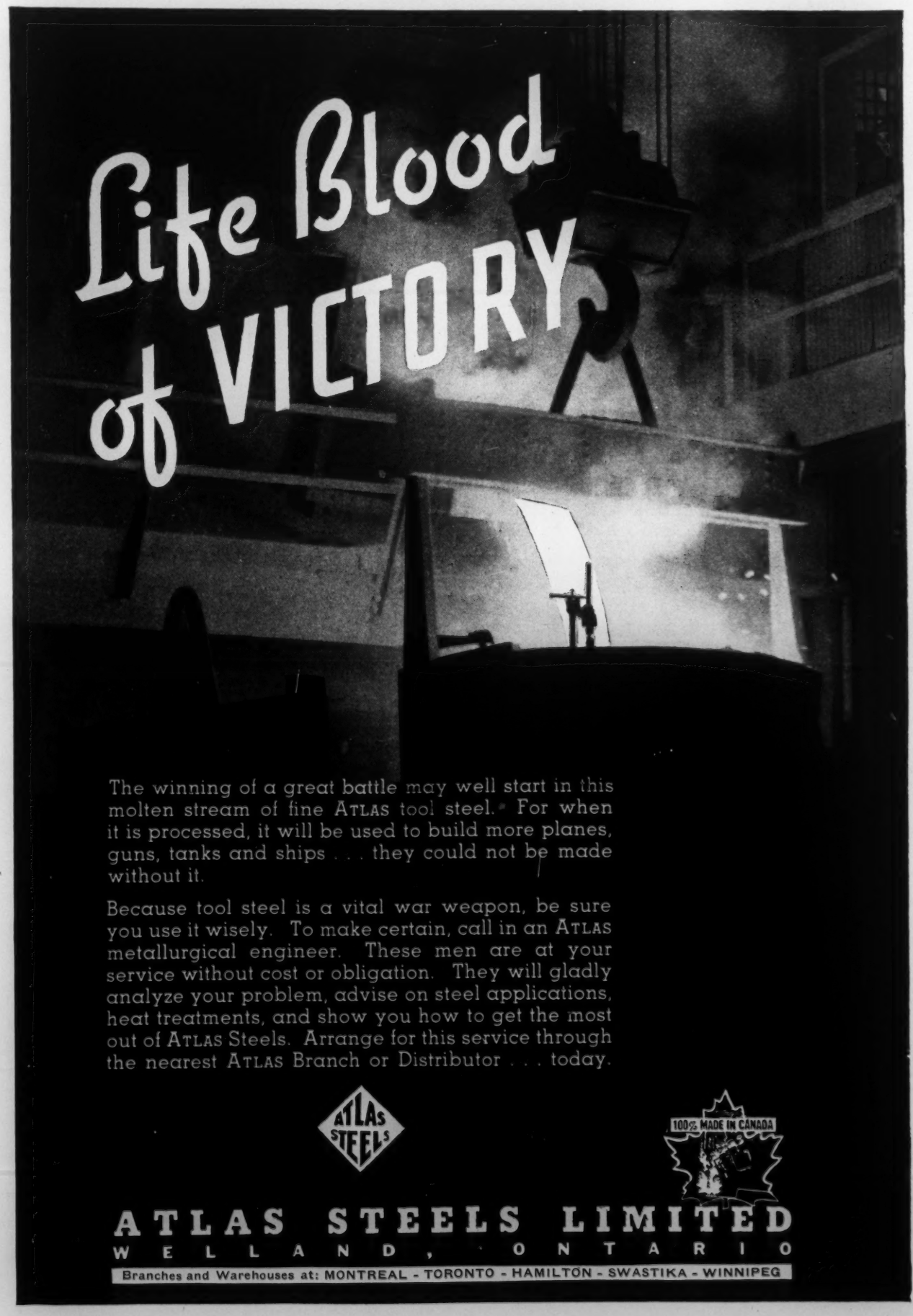

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THE BOOKSHELF

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Edge of the Storm

FRONTIER PASSAGE, a novel, by Ann Bridge. (McClelland & Stewart, $3.)

TO ST. JEAN DE LUZ, close to the Spanish-French frontier, at a time when Franco's polyglot forces were gathering against the Republicans, came Mr. and Mrs. Oldhead and their daughter Rosemary, aged seventeen-and-a-bit. The Oldheads were English idlers with the itch for travel. South-western France was "different" and the number of francs to the pound - sterling was comfortingly large.

The town was a centre of espionage for Spaniards of both sides, and big time correspondents camped there. Among them was James Milcom of the *Epoch*, a dour young Scottish-Irishman. In Madrid he had rescued from a bombed cellar a bedraggled young woman, who, when clothed and in her right mind, was the Condesa de Verdura, one of the most lofty of the Spanish Greatnesses.

Her rascally husband was in parts unknown. Milcom, naturally enough, fell in love with her, although he was in sympathy with the Reds, and she was definitely a White. He ran errands for her beyond the frontier, found her husband in prison and discovered that hardship and suffering had changed him into a saint—even as Augustine and Loyola were changed. The lady doesn't believe Milcom when he makes his report, (We don't either!) and is ready to forget her husband and go into partnership with Milcom. Gently he spurns her and sends her back to the saint. In time he will marry Rosemary who by miracles of luck and insight finds out everything for herself and keeps her mouth shut—at seventeen-and-a-bit!

As a story it is unreal and inane. As a book of information about the rage of the Spanish civil war, a rehearsal for the present struggle, it is more worthy. As a vivid careful study of the Basque country and of its "atmosphere" it is interesting. The writing is uncommonly graceful and direct.

Two Anthologies

THIS IS MY BEST, edited by Whit Burnett. (Longmans, Green. $4.50.)

MEN AT WAR, edited, with an Introduction, by Ernest Hemingway. (Ryerson, $3.75.)

ANTHOLOGIES if too frequent become a weariness unto the flesh, and to the optic nerves. Here are two; one of 1,100 pages and the other of 1,000. The former is the product of 93 authors who were asked to point out the best things they had written. It must have been a strain on the authors whose affection for their brain-children is generally as diffusive and evenly-balanced as that of Tabby for her five kittens. Would she permit the drowning of the black-and-white one, puny as it might be? The authors were asked politely to drown *all* their kittens except the black-and-white one, and they must have been irritated. Besides not infrequently the public and the critics have a taste that differs from that of the author. One may think that tripe is not tripe, and yet it may be—perhaps. "Concerning taste" said an old Roman, "there is no argument."

Ernest Hemingway's introduction to *Men at War* is admirable. He is the Editor and the selecting voice so that there is a certain thread of unity which holds together the work of Julius Caesar, Xenophon, Stephen Crane, Winston Churchill and Hemingway himself. For military men nothing could be more useful than this summary of the military virtues as revealed in a hundred battles. Whether in war-time the reading public can placidly reflect upon any war but this one is questionable. One of the great merits of this collection is the reprinting of Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage* which is too good to die by the simple passage of time.

Costume Piece

BY W. S. MILNE

NO BRIGHTER GLORY, by Armstrong Sperry. (Macmillan, $3.00.)

NEW ENGLAND doctor, French belle, English naval officer are the three points of the romantic triangle in this period-novel. The date is 1810, the scene New York, Hawaii and the waters of Nootka sound. John Jacob Astor, in an attempt to establish a monopoly of the Pacific coast fur trade, sends a vessel to establish the beginnings of a new city, Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia river. He wants Mark Denny, Vermonter, to accompany the expedition as doctor. Mark laughs at the idea, but when he falls in love with India de Chambord, and India marries Captain Tennant, on furlough from the British navy, Mark changes his mind.

The expedition starts, but Canadian fur-trading interests send out a larger vessel, heavily armed, in pursuit. In command is Captain Tennant, and India is with him. Both ships put in at the Sandwich islands, where India and the doctor meet again. Her marriage has been a tragic mistake, and when Tennant is reported dead of yellow fever, she sails with Denny for Astoria. The skipper of Astor's ship is a gloomy martinet, who provokes hostilities on the part of the coast Indians. Tennant reappears, Denny and India escape after setting fire to the Astor ship, and then India is killed by an Indian arrow, and Denny surrenders to the English man-of-war.

The best things in the story are the descriptions of places and the Hawaiian episodes. As a novel, the book suffers from the unreality of the principal characters. India's marriage to Tennant is never properly accounted for. Denny is a stick. Captain Thorn fails to convince. At times he seems a faint copy of Captain Ahab, but Mr. Sperry is no Melville. Tennant is a caricature, for plot purposes only. Some of the minor characters carry more assurance of reality than the principals, notably Maman Zélie, Hildegarde De Peyster, Eliza Jumel and Manini. But the five Scots fur-traders are indistinguishable. As a romantic travelogue, with conventional concessions to plot requirements, a little reminiscent at times of *Anthony Adverse*, the book is readable enough, but unless you're absolutely sure you have nothing important to do, don't bother.

Counter-Espionage

BLACK-OUT IN GRETLEY, a novel by J. B. Priestley. (Macmillans, $2.25.)

ALL in the first person comes this tale of counter-espionage, clever to the last limit as Priestley generally is. In a measure the bad-tempered narrator is a fair imitation of the author himself in whom indignation seethes, not against Nazis alone but against the drab life of small industrial towns, the uppishness of rich employers, and the infernal cheek of all the Colonel Blimps blathering about patriotism while youngsters die for it.

One of that sort has a prominent place in this story and what the narrator thinks of him is beyond expression. But the story is for the reader to discover. It is enough to say that the atmosphere of an eternal winter rain, and the convocation of smells inside and out make a fine background for the grousing Mr. Neyland and his activities. Two murders put the lid on it.

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THE BOOKSHELF

A Variety of Reading

NOT ME, SIR, a novel, by J. T. C. Pember. (Nelson, $2.75.)

HERE is the story of a sensitive, timid boy from his plunge into a boarding-school at eight years of age, to his departure, at thirteen. He faces the studied cruelty of elder boys and the dull stupidity of masters by protective lies, is divorced from a proper home life by misunderstanding parents, and altogether has a rather sour time. But the discipline, crude as it is, may carry him on to a better school and a better appreciation of what one must, or must not do.

It's a gloomy book with scarcely a relieving ray of light. Even the one master who can command the boy's respect and affection is accidentally killed. Anyone who knows even a smattering of the principles of Child Study will be inclined to ask why such school-masters are permitted to have boys in their charge. Their incompetence is monumental. A hundred times better is the public-school of Canada, as an aid to the home, rather than as a substitute for it.

THE SWORD OF LIONHEART by Rt.-Hon. Vincent Massey. (Ryerson, $2.00.)

THE High Commissioner for Canada in London has found a happy title for this volume of his speeches and broadcasts on the war and its meaning. Outside Westminster Hall stands the statue of Richard, the Crusading King. A German bomb bent his uplifted sword but the statue still stands. The analogy holds for the British people. Trouble has come but it is not disaster, and cannot be while resolution holds.

Mr. Massey is careful, prudent and exceedingly wise. Accordingly there is nothing flamboyant in his public utterances. They tell a simple story of unmatched gallantry and patience which have made the British Isles the fortress of freedom.

IT'S SMART TO BE PEOPLE, a collection of cartoons by George Price, with a foreword by S. J. Perelman. (Oxford, $2.50.)

WHEN you see two tramps racing along the railway track reserved for express trains, you have a warm sympathy with the smaller tramp who suggests that they might transfer to the local line. Only George Price would think of illustrating that screwy idea. In fact most of his ideas are of that variety, and his unerring pen-work gives them substance and thus, greatly cheers the populace. His characters generally are down-and-outers trying to fit themselves into a mechanistic society, not successfully. This book has over a hundred pages of his gay work, most of which appeared first in the smart magazines.

JESUS STORY, a selection from the King James version of the New Testament, suitable for children. Illustrated by Maud and Miska Petersham. (Macmillans, $1.75.)

THESE illustrations, mostly in color, are at once fanciful and realistic. They greatly illuminate the text, and the book which contains some 120 pages will be a constant treasure for any child.

THE SKY WAS MY FRIEND, Songs of the Ottawa Valley, by Mary E. McCullough. (Privately printed by *Le Droit*, Ottawa.)

"I HAVE been hungry all my life for mountains and the sea," writes this gentle, quick-seeing poet. Then, a little farther on, "You have been hungry all your life for by-ways close and dear." She analyzes each hunger with deep understanding and then suggests a contribution, each to other; "Now you can give the foam and spray, the fierce, dark pines, to me." "And I will give you tender grace the little valleys wear." It's a fanciful notion not far from humor in its seriousness.

This poem *New Possession* is one of two-score lyrics which make up the book. The quality is uneven, but all reveal the sharp and lovely pain which pure beauty brings to the sensitive spirit. Unhappily Miss McCullough sings no longer; dead at 27. This is her legacy to Canada and to her next friends. So will she be held in happy remembrance.

PROPHETS AND PORTENTS, by Rolfe Boswell. (Oxford, $2.50.)

PROPHECY is of two kinds, mathematical and clairvoyant. The one is reasoned from existing laws and circumstances, as in the calculation of an eclipse, or, more simply, in the assertion that the train you take tonight will arrive in Montreal tomorrow morning. The other is not explained, despite the fervent diligence of the Society for Psychical Research, and the persistent probings of the Psychologists. The shape of things to come may be an exercise in the Theory of Probability and Doubt. Or some uninstructed girl in a remote region may hear Voices, after the manner of Joan of Arc or Bernadette Soubirous.

The author of this book has assembled a number of seers and has reviewed their oracles, not in a scornful vein, and not in the abandon of credulity. He expresses polite doubt concerning accretions to each tale which have a mythical savor, but he gives the accepted facts as clearly as may be concerning St. Odile of Hohenbourg who foresaw this present war with "winged warriors casting down the stars on cities and burning them" and with twenty nations aligned against Germany. He reviews the prophecies of St. Malachy and Orval the sixteenth Century monk, touches upon Mother Shipton and explores the allege occult meaning of the Pyramids. The book makes curious but not important reading.

PLAYS FOR AMERICANS, by Arch Oboler. (Oxford, $3.00.)

RADIO plays, thirteen in all, dealing with the war-theme, as produced by the National Broadcasting Company. Their main interest is a technical one; that is to say, the tying-in of music as a background and as a "chorus" commenting on the action. Any of these may be produced without royalty-payments and their production might be a useful exercise for Little Theatre groups.

You can help me to do my war job better...

I AM a long distance telephone operator. Normally my job is to complete your long distance calls promptly, accurately, efficiently. But now all my time is taken up with vitally important messages concerning our armed forces and war industries. I know that the length of the war may depend on how well I handle these calls. *You* can help to keep long distance lines clear for war messages by avoiding non-essential calls, especially to centres of war activity, calling at off-peak hours, staying close to your telephone until your call is completed and making every conversation brief and business-like. Thank you.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

The Navy Goes Overland

BY BERNICE COFFEY

ALL Canadians are becoming increasingly and proudly Navy-conscious, but there must be thousands who have yet to sniff salt water let alone see afloat anything larger than a ferry or row-boat. So it was an excellent move on the part of the naval authorities to embark on a project such as The Canadian Naval War Exhibition which, so to speak, brings the navy to Mahomet.

The Exhibition is a paradise for small boys, not to mention grown-ups of both sexes, for it includes things such as a wicked looking contact mine and its anchor-cradle—the mine conveniently cut in half like an orange so that the curious may gaze upon its inner works; silvery torpedos more beautiful and intricate than the finest watch—more expensive, too, since the cost of one is over $10,000. It gives one a peculiar satisfaction, too, to see the remains of a German one—wasted, because it landed and exploded harmlessly upon the shore of the St. Lawrence.

Star pieces of the show are two exquisitely made models of a Canadian corvette and one of the new Tribal destroyers all of which are to be named after fighting native groups with Iroquois, Athabascan, Haida and Huron leading the new flotilla.

All ratings detailed to accompany the Exhibition on its tour across Canada during the coming months, —from C.P.O., P.O., and A.B., have seen active duty at sea. They are so keen to show visitors to the show what it's all about that before you know it you may find yourself, as we did, seated at one side of the twin .5 inch machine gun, your instructor on the other side—as, squinting through the sight, you aim the barrel at the ceiling or some unsuspecting spectator.

Nor can one fail to be touched at the sight and touch of the enormous bulk of the wooden life-raft of what used to be the merchant ship S.S. Sonia Maersk. Battered, still encrusted with salt, one thinks of the men who may have found sanctuary on it.

There have been many descriptions of the amazing developments by the Canadian Navy in emergency rations for life-rafts. Here not only does one see them but taste them too. The biscuit and chocolate are delicious, in decided contrast to the old sea-biscuit that must have been one of the major horrors of being shipwrecked. Food samples as well as information are given out by one of the two attractive Wrens—Wren Jane Holt of Montreal, or Wren Muriel Teed of St. John, N.B.

Mention of the Wrens brings us to one of the most interesting phases of the show—the Officer-in-Charge is a woman, Third-Officer M. Baxter, W.R.C.N.S. Smartly uniformed in her well-cut blue suit with becoming tricorne hat, Mrs. Baxter is one of the first twenty-two officers of the Wrens and as such is entitled to wear only *five* brass buttons down either side of her coat, instead of six. This came about through an error in the first orders issued to the new service. The order was corrected later, but it still stands for this group and it's a unique distinction that is greatly prized.

The Wrens belong to a very feminine service. "They must always remember that they are women," and their quarters invariably are as attractive and home-like as it is possible to make them. Wrens always leave their hats on in public places.

Incidental information: Signal flags are washed only when a ship is in port and a gay show it makes too, when all the flags flutter from the ship's lines. The Navy picturesquely calls it "Dobby Day".

THEATRE

Radiant Dancing

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

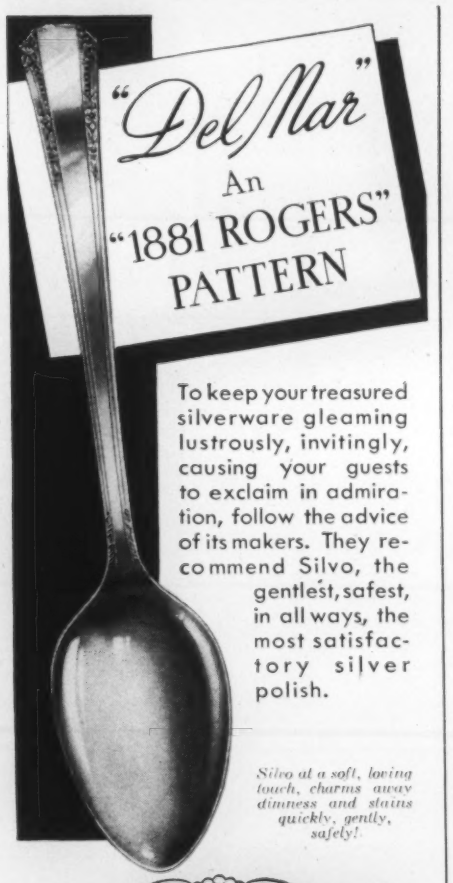
ANY idea that a pair of ballroom dancers, a duo-piano team, an accordionist, a tap dancer and a guitar player would be too thin fare to fill out an evening's entertainment in a large theatre like the Royal Alexandra was dissipated in the first twenty minutes of this week's show of the Veloz and Yolanda troupe. It is true that they have in addition to the performers already enumerated a very competent group of brass and percussion instruments to accompany the dances. Mr. Jerry Shelton, who conducts them, is also the accordionist, and his performance when both conducting and accordionizing at the same time is almost as much like dancing as the show on the stage. He is a brilliant player.

Veloz and Yolanda are, we suppose, the most accomplished team now carrying on the tradition established by the Castles. They possess in the highest degree the capacity to maintain complete and statuesque immobility of those parts of the body which are not at the moment being employed for locomotion; and they have another capacity which may be described in the language of the motor industry as maximum rapidity of acceleration and deceleration. The climax example of this was the Tango Yolanda which concluded the evening, and which easily won the audience's vote as the item it would most like to have repeated. This critic was reluctant to vote for it on the first ballot, not because of preferring any other item, but because it seemed cruel to impose such terrific task on the performers at the end of a hard evening; but they did not seem to mind. The acceleration feature amounts to the importation into ballroom dancing of some of the tricks of the acrobatic dancer; but as they are never employed for purely acrobatic purposes they do not spoil the artistic harmony.

The general atmosphere of the evening is naturally Iberian, with a tinge of South American. Vincente Gomez, the guitarist, is an artist of incredible virtuosity, and his Spanish dramatic sketches are a revelation of the capacity of the instrument. The whole program is on an extremely high artistic level.

Coming: return bookings of two of last season's successes, "Arsenic and Old Lace" next week with the same company, and "Claudia" the week after with the original New York company, which the management admits gives an entirely different performance from that which we saw here some time ago.

Veloz and Yolanda, the agile dance team whose brilliant entertainment is at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, during the present week.



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2 You can donate your fat dripping, scrap fat and bones to your local Voluntary Salvage Committee if they collect them in your community, or—

3 You can continue to place out your Fats and Bones for collection by your Street Cleaning Department where such a system is in effect.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

My Word! My Hobby!

BY MAY RICHSTONE

PEOPLE love to collect things.

Here is a man with a passion for stamps. He spends long hours poring over catalogues, pasting the pretty bits of paper into albums, or gloating over his most recent acquisitions. By nature he is not neat. He reads his newspaper in every room, on every chair. His dresser drawers revert to chaos if he so much as looks for a handkerchief. His wife sighs. She looks on with jaundiced eye while he spends whole evenings arranging his stamps into the quintessence of order. In truth, she is jealous. Her only comfort, in those happy hours he spends unaware of her existence, is that he is safe from predatory blondes with a come-hither look.

She doesn't care two pins about stamps. Neither do a lot of other people. But mention antiques and watch that gleam come into their eyes. They scour the countryside in quest of worm-eaten wood, and fill their homes with furniture that jeopardizes life and limb. They go into raptures over all that is nicked, chipped, scarred, and wobbly. Our own furniture has begun to look that way, but only because it is being enthusiastically wrecked by one small, inexhaustible boy. I shudder to think what he could do to genuine antiques. So doubtless would their owners.

Some people collect china; fragile, beautifully painted cups and saucers from which it would be sacrilege to drink tea. Some people collect clocks. Personally I'd like to demolish the three we own; especially the one, at 6.45 a.m. that shrills "Get up, you lazy good-for-nothing!" Some people collect dinner menus, theatre programs, match cases. Some people collect sterling silver, priceless ivories, rare violins.

Bless Them All

Let them, say I. Let them revel in their stamps, their oils, their jewels, their bric-a-brac. I have my own hobby, and to me it is more soul-satisfying than any of these material things. It is free. It drains not one cent out of an already depleted exchequer. It is undemanding. It requires no sorting, dusting or polishing. It is fool-proof. No one can hurl some precious part of it off a shelf with one fell swoop of a dust cloth. No one can pilfer from it. No one covets it. When I share it, the recipient is richer and I am not poorer. What hobby can match it.

I collect words. Just that. Beautiful words, amusing words; words that sing and words that shimmer; words that build up whole pictures of imagery; words with bouquet and flavor; words with dignity and charm.

I have been collecting words for many a moon, and hoarding them for my own private edification. Many an hour has gone by on wings while I delved into my treasure trove of words. Would you like a random look at some of them? If they belong to you already, we won't quarrel.

There's *ha-ha*, for example. Really it is a low hedge, not a hearty laugh. But you can chuckle at *corymorphoidea*, defined in Funk and Wagnall as a "superfamily of gymnoblastic hydroids with trophosome, a solitary hydranth and perisarc evanescent". Aren't the word and definition stunning? Who cares what they mean!

Borborygmus, too, is a word I treasure. Though it sounds like the crack of doom, it is nothing more than the stomach walls rumbling; you know those subterranean sounds your stomach grinds out at the most innopportune moments — isn't borborygmus a high-falutin descriptive term?

As for the word *steatopygous*, I wouldn't part with it. It refers to that part of our anatomy on which we sit, and means that nature was over-generous there. Who would be bottom-heavy when she could be steatopygous? Ah, but how nice to be neither.

The word that amuses me most, however, is *moider*. "I'll moider the rat!" one might say in impeccable English. It sounds like the underworld; but moider simply means to confuse. Isn't it a gem?

Sheep and Spinach

When you see pastoral scene of grazing sheep, doesn't *flocculent* somehow give the impression of woolliness?

Doesn't *sabulous* somehow describe the sandy, gritty quality of the spinach some restaurants perpetrate?

Doesn't *mnemonic*, which means memory aid, almost require a memory aid to help one remember it?

Then there are the two words in the language that begin with the letter "q", not followed by "u"; *qobar*, which is a dry fog in the upper Nile region; *qattore*, which is a depression in Egypt. Don't ask me why I am fond of these words. I just am.

Have you an adventurous spirit? Then you'll find endless fun in tracing the origin of words. You'll discover, among other things, that *etching*, related to the German *essen* and our word *eating*, is so called because acids eat out the design, that a supercilious person is one who high-hats us by raising her eyebrows (super—over, cilium—eyelid); that *sarcasm*, from the Greek sarx, sarkos, means literally, "to tear the flesh like dogs"; and that, since the Latin word for heel is calx, calcis, when we *inculcate* ideas, we grind them in with the heel, and that a recalcitrant person is one who kicks back his heels in stubborn refusal.

Words which derive from names are, to me, the shortest short story ever told. The word *tantalize* becomes vivid, remembering the punishment the gods wreaked on Tantalus as he was tied near a stream, under a fruit tree. Then water receded when he tried to drink; the fruit sprang away when he tried to eat.

There is another short story in the word *silhouette*. In France, in the 18th century, the finance minister, Etienne de Silhouette, levied such drastic taxes on the aristocrats that they accused him of taking the substance and leaving the mere shadow of their wealth. So, in revenge, they named the profile portraits, which were the current fashion, after Silhouette.

There is a world of amusement in the word *spoonerism*, a slip of the tongue, named after Dr. William Archibald Spooner, who was a preacher and a noted scholar of Oxford University. Legend has it that he was excessively given to "the accidental transposition of initial letters". The most quoted spoonerism probably is "It is kistomary to cuss the bride". Other precious slips are

"My boy, you have tasted a whole worm."

"For real enjoyment, give me a well-boiled icycle."

"Ushers, please sew these ladies into their sheets."

Hobson-jobson is no spoonerism. Neither is it a new breakfast cereal. It's a phenomenon in language, the giving of familiar sounds to unfamiliar sounds. Rotten Row is the hobson-jobson for Route du Roi. And when you eat cherrystone clams, you are really eating clams from Cheriton, Virginia.

We could go on forever. You know what happens when, in a careless moment, you encourage some one to talk about his hobby. You discover perpetual motion, almost.

Now try your gray matter on this list of words. Pair the definition with the word. If you're not sure of at least half of them, run, do not walk to the nearest dictionary.

(a) peen, (b) catholicon, (c) stramineous, (d) jejune, (e) vaticinate, (f) crapulent, (g) eristic, (h) meretricious, (i) tergiversate, (j) pervicacious.

The Definitions

(a) controversial, (b) edge of hammer, opposite head, (c) very obstinate; intractable, (d) valueless, (e) an alleged or supposed universal remedy, (f) dry, (g) ill from overeating, (h) evade, (i) to prophesy, (j) tawdry.

ENGAGEMENT

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis K. Sillcox, 519 Washington Street, Watertown, N.Y., announce the engagement of their daughter, Enid B. Sillcox, to Mr. Henry H. Hewetson, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Hewetson, 129 Dunvegan Road, Toronto. The announcement was made at a tea held at the Sillcox home on Saturday afternoon. No date has been set for the wedding.

Miss Sillcox was graduated from Watertown High School in 1940, and from Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass., in 1941. She is a member of the sophomore class at Goucher College where she is affiliated with Alphi Phi Sorority.

Mr. Hewetson, a member of the Junior class at Williams College, prepared for college at the Hill School, Pottstown, Pa. From there he was graduated in 1940. He is in the enlisted U.S. Army Reserves.

Miss Sillcox is well-known in the Muskoka Lakes district where she has spent the summer holidays each year.

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Special ingredients make it definitely alkaline in reaction.

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Its million-bubble sparkle steps up the flavour of any drink.

Economical. Large Family-size bottle, sold everywhere, makes 8 to 10 long drinks. Cartons of 6 individual-size bottles sold in most localities.

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CONCERNING FOOD

"Food For Taste --- Not Thought"

BY JANET MARCH

A FEW weeks ago when the editor of the Boston Cooking School Book, Wilma Lord Perkins, was heard on "Information Please," they threw a few cooking questions to the experts, one of them being a query as to what was made with flour, milk, butter, salt and pepper. "White sauce," said the food expert. "Oh, yes," said Mr. Fadiman, "the stuff they put on fish that spoils it." He was right in too many cases, too. If we could eliminate the smell and the perpetual white sauce we would do marvels for the fish industry. Not that it needs any boosting at the moment, as there are more would-be consumers of sea fish than there are fish.

Sea fishing has never been a safe or well paid job, and just what it is now passes imagination. Sir Walter Scott's "It's no fish ye're buying—it's men's lives" is so true now that you hardly like to ask for cod and haddock. Those of us who live inland can get wonderful fresh water fish, and then we don't need to worry ourselves so much with pictures of mines and submarines and small boats, as we enjoy our whitefish or lake herring.

From the look of the meat counters this week we will be eating more fish. Unfortunately the tale that it is brain food has been denied—we will remain as moronic as usual after an endless diet of fish. Even if fish eating doesn't sharpen wits it is the best and most liked substitute for meat, and unless your butcher's looks different from mine we will be meeting at the fishmonger's.

Nowadays packaged fillets are so common that even a good housewife may never have learned the rules for telling a fresh fish. The eyes must be bright, the scales close to the body, and if you get as far as poking it with your forefinger you shouldn't leave a dint. Having spotted one I suggest you get the fish man to fix it all up for you, clean it, scale it, cut off its head and tail and fillet it if you want it that way.

If you are a reader of fancy cook books you will often have met with "court bouillon." This is really just water flavored with herbs, lemon juice, chopped carrots, celery and onion, and salt and pepper. Let this cook for half an hour, strain the herbs and vegetables out and then poach your fish in it. It gives a very nice flavor, and can be strained and used again. If you haven't time to make this bouillon these busy days add a teaspoonful of lemon juice, a bay leaf and salt and pepper to the water for poaching.

Fish With Cheese

2 pounds of fish fillets
½ cup of grated cheese
1 cup of milk
2 tablespoons of shortening
2 tablespoons of flour
¼ teaspoon of dry mustard
Salt
Pepper
Paprika

Poach the fillets very lightly and drain them and arrange in a flat oven dish. Melt the shortening, stir in the flour and add the milk. Stir till the sauce thickens, then take off the heat and stir in half the cheese and the dry mustard. Pour on the fish. Sprinkle with the rest of the cheese and paprika and brown in the oven.

Fish Thermidor

2 fair sized fillets of fish
¼ cup of grated cheese
1 cup of milk
2 tablespoons of butter
2 tablespoons of flour
2 tablespoons of sherry
Salt
Pepper

Grease a baking dish and put in the fillets. Daub with a little oil or some pieces of butter and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. Make a white sauce with the butter, flour and milk, and when it has thickened, stir in the cheese and sherry. Pour over the fish and brown under the broiler.

There are lots of mushrooms to be had just now and they go extra well with fish.

Mushrooms and Fish

1½ pounds of filleted fish
1 large onion sliced
10 medium mushrooms chopped in smallish pieces
Shortening
1 cup of milk
1½ tablespoons of butter
1½ tablespoons of flour
Green pepper, chopped
1 teaspoonful of chopped parsley

Poach the fish gently, flake it and put it in a greased baking dish with slices of onion and the chopped green pepper, and parsley. Sauté the chopped mushrooms gently in the shortening. While they are cooking melt the butter in another pan, stir in the flour and add the milk and stir till it thickens. Then pour over the fish and bake in a moderate oven for about half an hour.

Some people prefer the taste of fish cooked in white wine, and it certainly does pep up what might be a rather dull dish of fish. A good many of the Canadian wines are fine for this, though be careful not to get too strong a tasting one.

Fish in Wine

2 good sized fillets
1 cup of white wine
2 cloves
1 tablespoon of butter
1 onion sliced
Pepper and salt
Yolk of an egg

Put the fish in a baking dish, and cover with slices of onion, add the cloves, pepper and salt and daub with butter. Pour on the wine, cover and cook slowly for about twenty to twenty-five minutes. Take the fish out and put it to keep warm. Then strain the remaining liquor, and thicken it by beating in the yolk of an egg. Pour over the fish and serve.

Remember Stina's Sleighbell Suppers

BY HERMAN SMITH

EVEN when there was no moon, a winter night in Michigan was never dark. A soft, luminous and icy-blue effulgence lay like a benediction on the snowy countryside over which we flew, as our music of silvery bells echoed back from wooded hills. In bob-sleds, drawn sometimes by as many as four horses, with hot-water jugs in the straw at our feet, buffalo robes over our knees and only the tips of our noses exposed to the frosty air, we would be on our singing way.

Only the tops of the zigzag fences and stone walls would be visible, each with its featherbed of snow. The brooks which had sung so lustily all summer were still, but here and there one caught glimpses of dark water reflecting a single star. Pines and the hemlocks were trimmed with ermine. Oak leaves, clinging stubbornly to their tree, rustled audibly in the utter stillness of the night as we drove through the wooded roads. Sometimes a shower of swansdown would drift down from the trees, causing squeals from the girls and laughter from the boys as it melted on frosty noses.

Preparations for sleighing parties were made in advance, for the fun and fascination of flying over snowy roads singing "Jingle Bells" and "Seeing Nellie Home" were not all that made them popular. Even the opportunity of "sparking" one's girl could not erase the anticipation of the warm welcome and the bountiful supper which awaited us at the home for which we were bound.

It was often our own home which was the goal for such winter adventures of the early Nineties. And on such occasions Stina, the mistress of my mother's kitchen, was at her best, as she loved company and young folk at any time.

The minute the bob-sleds had drawn into our lane and spilled their laughing, shouting contents at our gate, bang went the oven door upon one of Stina's special treats; the big tureen of hot, spiced cider, in which clove-studded baked apples bobbed about, would be set on the dining room table to warm the body and the spirit too.

Refreshed and warmed, the company would gather about the square piano in the "settin' room" to sing the old songs which still stir the homesick heart. As soon as frosty toes would permit, there would be dancing to the music of the piano and the "accordeen".

"Birdie in the cage" the caller would shout and one of the rosy-cheeked girls would pop into the dancing circle. "Hawk flies in, birdie flies out," came the warning call, and the girl popped out again while one of the boys took her place in the vigorous intricacies of the square folk dances of the day.

And then Stina—in one of her Sunday aprons as white as the snow outside and frosted with her own crocheted lace, her best garnet earrings flashing red in the light from the hanging lamp—would appear in the dining room door. That meant that supper was ready and there was a rush for the dining room.

The "oyster supper" was the height of fashion in those days, but Stina did not think much of the oyster as food for hungry men, and her "pièce de résistance" was likely to be something more substantial, such as a kind of chicken hash de luxe for which Stina was famous.

Stina's Chicken Hash

1 onion, minced
1 tablespoon butter
½ cup dry white wine
2 cups white sauce (1 cup milk and 1 cup reduced chicken stock)
3 cups cubed chicken
½ teaspoon salt
dash of pepper
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
½ cup slivered, blanched al-

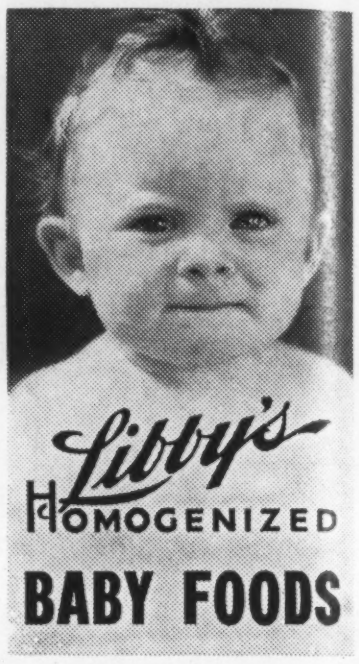
(Continued on Next Page)

"MAGIC" MINCED CHICKEN ROLL

SERVES 8
ESTIMATED COST 55¢

2 cups flour
4 tsp. Magic Baking Powder
½ tsp. salt
4 tbs. shortening
1 egg
½ cup milk
1½ cups minced leftover chicken
4 tbs. milk
2 tsp. finely chopped onions
2 tbs. chopped parsley

Sift first 3 ingredients, mix in shortening. Beat egg in measuring cup, add milk to make ¾ cup; add to first mixture. Roll out ¼ inch thick. Mix remaining ingredients, spread on dough. Roll up like jelly roll and bake in hot oven (425° F.) 30 minutes. Serve with leftover chicken gravy.



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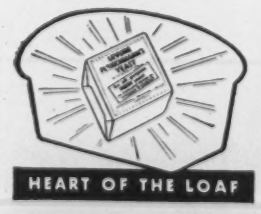

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MADE IN CANADA

Stina's Suppers

(Continued from Previous Page)

monds
2 egg yolks, beaten
½ cup light cream
½ cup sherry wine
8 biscuits

Sauté onion in butter until tender but not browned. Add wine and mix well. Pour into white sauce that has been made in a double boiler. Add seasonings. Add chicken and almonds and steam for 10 minutes. Add the egg yolks and light cream just before serving and cook for 2 minutes. Stir in sherry and serve at once over hot biscuits with bread and butter pickles and tart jelly. Yield: 8 servings.

Chicken Fritters

½ cup fat
½ cup flour
4 cups milk
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
1 tablespoon minced parsley
1 small onion, minced
1 cup sliced mushrooms
1 cup finely cut celery
3 tablespoons butter
3 cups cubed chicken

Melt fat in saucepan and stir in flour. Gradually add milk and seasonings and cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add parsley and mix well. Sauté onion, mushrooms and celery in butter until tender but not browned. Add chicken and mix well. Pour half the cream sauce into a greased oblong pan (9 x 5 x 3), cover with chicken mixture, being careful not to spread the chicken to the edge of the pan. Cover with remaining white sauce and chill overnight. Cut into squares or rounds and dip into a frying batter and fry in hot deep fat at 375° F. until browned. Yield: 36 fritters.

When geese were plentiful Stina often gave us one in aspic, slightly tart and highly spiced, to be eaten with well buttered noodles heavily sprinkled with cheese, minced parsley and celery seeds.

Goose in Jelly

1 goose
boiling water to cover
2 teaspoons salt
2 teaspoons pepper-corns
2 teaspoons whole allspice
1 teaspoon celery salt
6 cloves
4 bay leaves
3 sliced onions
2 carrots, scraped and cut in slices
6 sprigs of parsley
1 lemon, thinly sliced
½ cup white wine
¼ cup white vinegar
4 tablespoons gelatin

Remove pin feathers from goose, singe, and wash and dry. Prick through the skin with a fork. Place goose in a large kettle, cover with boiling water and add the remaining ingredients except the gelatin. Cover and simmer the goose for 2½ hours or until done, skimming the fat off the surface of the broth from time to time. Remove the goose, cool, skin and cut meat into slivers. Strain the broth through several thicknesses of cheesecloth, chill and skim off fat. Reduce stock to ½ by boiling. Soak gelatin in 1 cup cold water and stir into 2 quarts of hot broth. Pour over goose meat, chill until firm. Unmold and serve in slices with salad dressing tart with cucumbers, hot with dry mustard. Approximate yield: 20 servings.

When Stina could procure a fresh beef tongue from the village butcher, she cooked it in a way that made it a treat either hot or cold. For supper after a sleighride, however, it was always served hot with a fragrant port wine sauce.

Spiced Beef Tongue

1 fresh beef tongue
1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
2 sliced onions
1 clove garlic, sliced
2 cups vinegar
1 cup red wine
1 tablespoon salt
1 tablespoon ground cloves
1 tablespoon mustard
thick flour-and-water paste

Wash tongue and wipe with a dry cloth and remove roots. Prick tongue all over with a long darning needle or sharp-pointed skewer. Soak in a marinade made of brown sugar, sliced onions, garlic, vinegar, wine and spices. Let stand for three days in the marinade, turning frequently. Drain and wipe dry. Place on a rack in a shallow baking pan. Cover tongue with a very thick paste made of flour just moistened with enough water to hold together. Pour marinade in pan. Bake in a slow oven (300° F.) 4-5 hours or until tongue is tender. Remove paste and skin off tongue and serve hot or cold with a port wine sauce.

Port Wine Sauce

1 cup port wine
½ cup raisins
½ orange peel, sliced fine
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon flour
½ cup water

Combine port, raisins, peel and salt in a saucepan. Make a paste of flour and water and add to the wine mixture. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until thickened. Approximate yield: 2 cups sauce.

As for desserts—it might be one of rich crusted apple dumplings; or a cold compote of many kinds of home-canned fruit with homemade wine poured over it; or a pie, a tart or cake in which chocolate played a leading part; or again a combination of chocolate and dates which Stina called Chocolate Joy.

Chocolate Joy

1/3 cup quick-cooking tapioca
2 tablespoons sugar (or to taste)
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon cinnamon
1½ squares unsweetened chocolate
2 cups boiling water
½ pound pitted dates, chopped
1 tablespoon butter
2 tablespoons brandy

Mix the tapioca, sugar, salt and cinnamon together in the top of a double boiler. Add the chocolate and water slowly and cook over boiling water until thickened, stirring constantly. Add dates, butter and brandy, stirring until the butter is melted. Chill and serve with light cream flavored with vanilla.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Yehudi Menuhin After Fifteen Years

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

THOSE who were present have never forgotten a certain occasion fifteen seasons ago when a child in knee breeches, the sensation of the year, made his first appearance in Massey Hall. Local violinists were dumbfounded. They had expected something phenomenal in technical performance; but the maturity of this lad's musical intelligence seemed miraculous. Last week Yehudi Menuhin, still a fortnight short of his twenty-sixth birthday, appeared again, and showed that he had fulfilled all his early promise and that his inherent musicianship had attained a glorious flowering.

His recital was the more enthralling because he had the collaboration of Adolph Boller, regarded five years ago as the most gifted young pianist in Vienna. Two seasons ago when he appeared with Igor Gorin one noted the superiority of this pianist's art in a group of solos, but in Menuhin's long and varied program he had a better opportunity to reveal the beauty of his touch and his high intelligence and flawless execution.

Perusing the program I thought of the change that has come over violin recitals within this century, largely through the influence of Kreisler. They used to be grave classical affairs whose patrons looked down their noses at the mention of modern composers. But in Menuhin's offerings, in addition to the two most popular classical works for violin (Mendelssohn's Concerto and Bach's Air for the G string), there were characteristic numbers by Dvorak and Novacek (Czech), Enesco (Roumanian), Rimsky-Korsakoff (Russian), Sarasate and Falla (Spanish), and Debussy (French). Yet he reached his peak in the finest of all major works for violin, the Mendelssohn Concerto.

Menuhin is a sunny interpreter who spills joy all over an auditorium. An uninitiated auditor might have assumed that violin playing must be an easy job, since beauty seemed throughout the recital to flow so nonchalantly and with such complete relaxation on the part of the soloist. Enesco himself, whose Sonata in A minor, in the popular Roumanian style, received its first Canadian performance, gives the impression as a violinist that music-making is a pretty strenuous business, but not so his young interpreter. The themes of this work are presumably from folk songs, and the slow movement is peculiarly haunting. It opens with an extended passage in harmonics that is one of the most difficult I ever heard. Most harmonics are intended to typify bird song, but this is the cold unearthly cry of a ghost. Another work in the folk song atmosphere was Dvorak's Sonatina in G major, full of spirit and melody, with the suggestion of freedom from the commonplace which characterizes nearly all Czech music.

Several Kreisler transcriptions were typical of the festal quality of the program. The most fascinating from the standpoint of performance was an arrangement of the now familiar dance from Manuel de Falla's "La Vida Breva." Menuhin's rhythm was subtle and individual, a quality apparent also in "Danse D'Alma," a lovely little work composed by the accompanist.

Ida Krehm With T.S.O.

The ovation given the pianist, Ida Krehm, at last week's concert of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra was not merely because she is a native of Toronto, but also because she is undoubtedly one of the most finished and sincere young artists now playing in the United States, where she resides. As a young girl at the Toronto Conservatory of Music her brilliance won attention; and in early womanhood she has matured into an executant with a broad command of her instrument, and an interpreter of intellectual distinction. The work she performed in association with Sir Ernest MacMillan, Brahms' Concerto in D minor, is more important in an historical than a musical sense.

Of the two other numbers on the program, one was John Weinzweig's dreamlike and richly varied tone-poem composed as a paraphrase on Walter de la Mare's mystical little ode "The Enchanted Hill." It has won wider international recognition than any other orchestral composition by a Canadian musician. One discussed it last summer when it was played at the Proms by Samuel Hersenhoren, but got a better opportunity to appreciate the imaginative beauty of its nuances and harmonic devices in the perfect acoustical conditions of Massey Hall.

One of the noblest novelties Sir Ernest has presented this season is Erno Rapee's transcription of Tschaikowsky's Trio in A minor for piano, violin and 'cello, "in memory of a dead artist," his mentor and benefactor, Nicholas Rubinstein. In turning the original chamber composition (played last season by the Canadian Trio) into a grandiose and moving orchestral work, Mr. Rapee has used the title "Symphonie Elegiaque." It is said that Tschaikowsky loathed the trio combination, but chose it for this work because he wished to make his tribute a very intimate utterance, and to please Madame von Meck, who at the instance of Nicholas had become his financial backer, and who maintained a private trio of her own, the pianist of which was an obscure young Frenchman, Claude Debussy. The Trio is of symphonic length, and Mr. Rapee has shown not merely a prodigious command of orchestral expression but a clairvoyant sense of how Tschaikowsky himself would have handled the task. It is so noble a work, and so splendidly interpreted, that one hopes it will be retained in the T.S.O. repertory.

"Arsenic and Old Lace" returns to the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto for the week beginning January 18.

Eminent Violinist

Maurice Solway is appearing in recital at the Toronto Conservatory of Music on Saturday, Jan. 16. He is the third solo artist of distinction continuing the interesting series "Presenting Toronto Violinists" and will play three famous sonatas, Brahms No. 3, Grieg in C Minor and the César Franck. Simeon Joyce will be at the piano. Mr. Solway studied with Ysaye.

The Kander Recital

A recital by the young violinist Gerhard Kander will be given at Eaton Auditorium on Tuesday evening, January 26, with Frances Marr at the piano. Mr. Kander who is a refugee from Nazi tyranny has been doing solo-work with distinction since he was fourteen years old, has played many times in England, once as soloist with the Wessex Symphony Orchestra and recently in Ottawa won high praise. He is now a resident of Toronto, studying with Kathleen Parlow.

• •

An Acquisition

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

A YOUNG Pole of partly Swedish ancestry, born in Berlin, and now a refugee from Nazi tyranny, has been appointed head of the piano department at the Hambourg Conservatory. He is Helmuth Blume, twenty-eight years of age, a pupil of Louis Kentner and Paul Hindemith. Three months ago, under the auspices of the National Committee on Refugees, he was heard in recital in Toronto, and last Saturday he again appeared in a program of Bach, Brahms and Debussy.

He is unquestionably a man who will have something to say in the musical life of Canada. To a great natural sensibility and an admirable technique (especially in the most modern works) he adds the emotional experience and maturity of the exile. His Bach-Tausig Toccata and Fugue showed great clearness of structure and vivid coloring, and his Debussy numbers were picturesque in the highest degree. He seems to have a highly original and personal feeling for most of the music he plays, but it is the feeling of one who is playing for himself, without the slightest trace of showmanship.

Anna Russell, mimic and entertainer, who comes to Eaton Auditorium, Toronto, on the evening of Jan. 20.

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THE FILM PARADE

Triumph of Non-Collaboration

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

"IN WHICH We Live," the life story of H. M. Destroyer "The Torrin" was written by Noel Coward (in something like twelve hours) directed by Noel Coward and produced by Noel Coward. Mr. Coward acted the leading role, that of "The Torrin's" Captain, and in the intervals of acting, directing and producing he composed the background music and wrote in additional dialogue. The result was a picture that won the New York City Film Critics' Award as the Best Film of 1942.

Most screen epics are the result of staggering collaboration, and this is where Mr. Coward had the edge on any of his competitors. He didn't have to lay his idea on the table, to be worried by conference groups, idea-boys and re-write men. He had the keel of the "Torrin" laid right in the studio and could go ahead and work over his own production unit, as happy as a boy with a super Meccano set, the British Admiralty meanwhile standing by to see that the nautical detail was in order. He didn't have the Hays office hovering at his elbow, threatening to wash his mouth out with soap if he used any words on the Forbidden List—he just went ahead and used them, and the results were perfectly satisfactory to everybody, except, of course, the Hays Office.

In the absence of expert advice on the things that couldn't possibly be done he was able to go ahead and do them without fuss or argument. There was no one to suggest, delete, re-edit or propose alternative endings. The Coward film in fact stands as a triumph of non-collaboration. Apparently all that is required to make a fine picture is plenty of talent given plenty of elbow room.

THE Film Critics' Award for the best male performance of the year went to James Cagney for his portrayal of George M. Cohan in "Yankee Doodle Dandy," and no one who has seen the picture is likely to quarrel with the decision. James Cagney is always a great pleasure to watch on the screen because simply as Cagney he is a one-man ballet of brilliant co-ordinated motion. In "Yankee Doodle Dandy," however, he is a good deal more than just James Cagney. He is even more than just George M. Cohan. He is the original star - spangled, flag - waving Yankee Doodle Boy—tough, lively, hopeful, and burningly energetic; ingenuous yet shrewd; taking his falls as they come and getting up cockier than ever; always promising to do great things in the future, and always coming through with something even more sensational than his promises.

He couldn't be more convincing, and he couldn't be more topical. In fact if Admiral Tojo had seen "Yankee Doodle Dandy" and had been able to understand even remotely what it meant in terms of native American temperament, he might never have made the mistake of blundering into Pearl Harbor.

THE box-office of course keeps its own tally, and the nation's movie-goers, simply by putting their money on the line, have handed their national award to Abbott and Costello.

Since their abrupt emergence on the screen a year or two ago the pair have made eight feature length films, with so little deviation from their original act that only a fanatical Abbott and Costello follower, going back over the list, could tell one film from another. They have given everything they have and given it over and over and about all they have left to offer is a passionate willingness to continue—that, and the fact that they are essentially funnymen. They are funny in much the furious slapstick fashion of Punch and Judy, another comedy team that never found it necessary to change its act. It looks as though Abbott and Costello might be with us forever. It seems certain that they will exhaust themselves long before they exhaust their public.

IN THE meantime Mickey Rooney has dropped back abruptly to fourth place in the box-office poll.

Fourth place in the affections of the movie-going public would seem a dizzy pinnacle to anyone who hadn't grown accustomed to topping the list. In Mickey Rooney's case it represents an ominous slump and the star must feel a good deal like the boy who expected honors and found he was lucky to get a pass.

The American public is endlessly tolerant towards adolescence but it is also sharply realistic. It evidently feels that Mickey, married and already contemplating divorce, can no longer be classed as a diverting teenager. The star has outgrown Andy Hardy, and even the most ardent Hardy fan must feel by this time that it is time Andy considered settling down, surrendering his allowance and beginning to pay in board money.

This is the dilemma that promoters of youthful talent inevitably have to face. If they ease their star into grown-up parts they may be killing the goose that lays the golden eggs; and if they cherish it too long it will begin to lay eggs in the strict trade meaning of the term and they won't be golden ones.

The Record Review

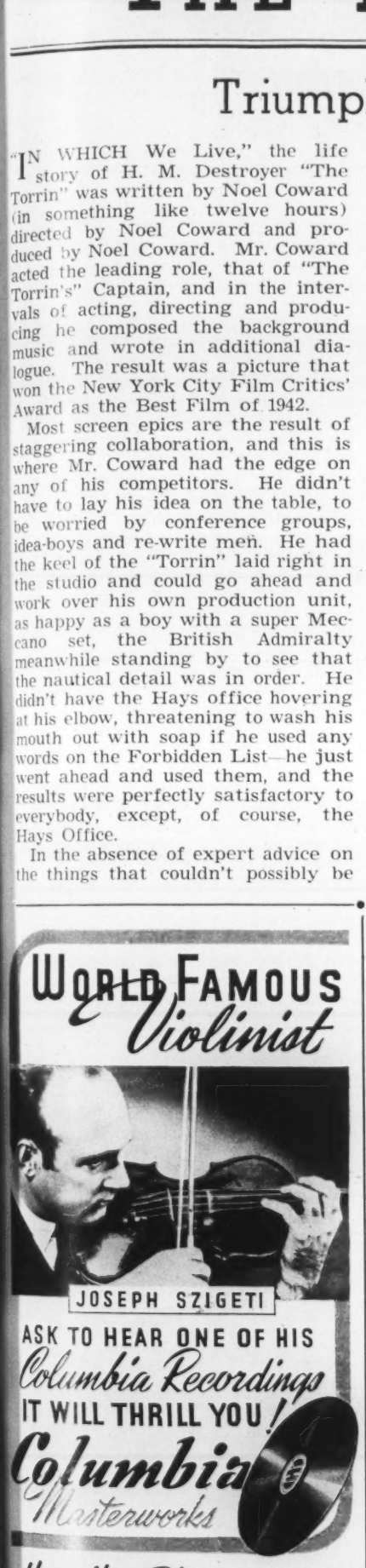
BY KARI ANDERSON

WITH no new pressings to tell readers about, and acting on the sound principle that what is good is not necessarily what is new, your reviewer would like to remind you of records listed in the catalogues and available at music stores.

Most people remember and cherish the legend of Caruso's greatness. Victor gives us Caruso "revitalized." Early last summer they made a pressing of Caruso's voice in *Musica Proibita* (Forbidden Music) and *Addio a Napoli* (Farewell to Naples) with a new accompaniment by the Victor Symphony Orchestra (No. 2212, 8 inch.). To lovers of Caruso this is a valuable service, but the result is not entirely satisfactory. This must be but a pale reproduction of the richness of Caruso's tenor. The fault is, of course, in the early recording from which this new one is made. To add to your collection as you would add a rare but damaged antique, yes. But as a record to be enjoyed for its musical beauty, no. Would it be better perhaps to let Caruso rest in peace than to call up this shadow?

To link together the names Artur Rubinstein, Jascha Heifetz, and Emanuel Feuermann, and to combine their musicianship in a performance of the Trio No. 1 in B. Major, Opus 8 by Brahms, is a commendable accomplishment. Victor has done all this in set No. M883 (8 sides—12 inch). Of course the work is performed with brilliance and authority. The four movements are marked Allegro con moto, Scherzo, Adagio non troppo, and Allegro molto agitato, each one neatly filling two sides. The whole work is strong and expressive, with clearly marked themes interestingly developed and combined. I particularly like the adagio movement. It opens with a slow theme in which violin and 'cello have rich and unusual harmonies. The fourth movement is rather shorter than the others, but has a forceful theme that develops into a powerful conclusion.

The excellent musicianship of these three great performers cannot outdo the fine and perfectly balanced playing of the Budapest String Quartet. A friend drew to my attention the recording of this group playing the Quartet No. 8 in E Minor, opus 59 No. 2, by Beethoven. This work is sub-titled "Rasoumowsky" No. 2, and makes up Victor set No. M340 (8 sides, 12 inch). Every lover of chamber music will want this. It is one of the finest. No music is more satisfying than Beethoven's, and this is a beautiful quartet, performed so well as to defy criticism. The tone of the whole is bright and happy. A sprightly theme opens the first or allegro movement. A slower passage occurs near the end, but the conclusion is bright. The second or adagio movement is also the longest. It opens with an expressive theme carried by the first violin against a very rich counter theme in which the 'cello predominates. Then both themes resolve and are blended in harmony. The third, a short movement marked allegretto, has a merry little melody carried by the violins while viola and 'cello chortle in the background. It is mainly staccato, and each instrument has its turn in the merry-making. Fourth movement is presto. It has a dancing theme that calls for good bowing and fingering. It is light and cheerful.



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THE DRESSING TABLE

Put A Good Face On Housework

BY ISABEL MORGAN

AN ENTIRELY new group of women in this country who "never had to turn a hand", to the rub-a-dub-dub part of running a household, are dusting, cleaning, doing the inevitable "pearl-diving" in the dish-pan after the day's three meals, and all the other work that is their job now that the Hildas and Jeans are busy making anything from T.N.T. to airplane wings.

"I don't mind the work so much," remarked a young matron recently, "although housework isn't something I'd ever choose as a career. I console myself that bed-making and all the rest of the chores are good for the hips, but it's playing havoc with my hands, and my hair isn't exactly my ideal of the well-groomed woman."

There are tricks in all trades, and the trick in doing the household chores successfully is to look as though one is in complete command of the situation instead of permitting it to be the other way around.

Here are some suggestions. They've worked for others.

One of the secrets of a well-groomed appearance is to be dressed at all times to suit the purpose for which one's clothes are worn. Fortunately, the shops are being extremely forehanded about things and at the moment are showing all sorts of attractive cotton frocks and two-piece suits in seersucker, gingham, and so on. They are suggesting that these be bought for summer wear, but they are perfect for wear about the house now. They launder like a charm, are fresh in appearance and are much more appropriate than one's old pullovers and skirts formerly worn on the golf-course. Others may prefer the freedom of slacks and blouse.

Teresa Wright, film star, conserves time by completing her make-up under the drier. She lengthens her brows with light touches of pencil to extend the outer end of each brow.

Eyeshadow is applied with a brush along the lower edge of upper lid, faintest hint of color beyond outer ends of eyes. Eye shadow carried all the way up to brows "dates" you.

For applying lip rouge she uses slim brush with short bristles dipped into color. Screen stars know that lip rouge when applied with a brush has clean even line, seldom smears.

Home Work

About hands—for dish-washing use the same mild, gentle soap you use for your finer laundry. Not only is it kinder to the hands than harsh soaps, but your best china will appreciate it too. Keep a large bottle of hand lotion in the kitchen, and always rub a few drops into the skin of the hands immediately the last dish has been put away. . . . When really grubby work comes along, don't tackle it until you've rubbed cleansing cream in and under the nails, that is if you wish to avoid trouble later in removing grime from under the nails. The cream, and the soil with it, will vanish easily later in soap and water. . . . It isn't necessary to pay the price of housework in chipped nail enamel, or a daily manicure. If you do your own nails follow the professional method, and don't skimp. Apply one coat, let it dry, and follow this with another. A manicure of this type should remain in a presentable condition for a week or longer. If the woman who does the charring doesn't show up and you are driven to taking over her duties, too, wear heavy cotton work gloves.

To protect the hair from steam or dust or the aroma of cooking foods, one might take a leaf out of the book of the munitions worker. Wear a gay kerchief chosen to harmonize with the color of one's frock, and experiment until you find the most becoming way of tying it on.

Put your make-up on as carefully at the beginning of the day as you would for a meeting with the girl your husband almost married before you came along. Who knows she just might be on your doorstep one of these days to talk about the canteen work, anyway.

And for your personal satisfaction it can be remembered that a dash of cologne can give a decided lift to the spirits even when they are tried by petty annoyances.

Remember that Simon Legree isn't around cracking his whip to drive you on—so relax now and then for five or ten minutes. One of the best ways of doing this is in the "beauty angle" position. Put the feet up higher than the head, place a cushion under the knees. Not only does this rest one, but it's good for the face too, since it sends the blood to the head.

Brush the hair every night, have it cut and arranged in one of the many ways hairdressers have designed to give a change of style with a few flicks of the comb, and what to do with it is no longer a problem.

Silent Treatment

One of the most important things to remember about keeping closely to the job of house-keeping is that, if one allows it, it can narrow down the interests. So leave a little time for yourself. Go out, read books, see plays and meet others—even though there may be a bit of dust in the corners or the dishes haven't been washed since breakfast.

Above all, better keep in mind the harsh truth that there is nothing less interesting to others than an account of your household activities or tribulations. So keep mum, keep your fingers crossed, and keep hoping that your Hilda will be with you again some day.

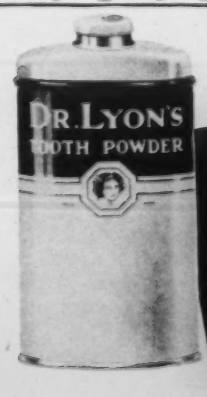
Now keep your teeth
BRILLIANTLY CLEAN
with Powder and water

KEEPING teeth brilliantly clean and naturally bright is a daily duty that *powder* and *plain water* can do just as well as any other dentifrice, and do more economically!

So why be forever changing dentifrices in your desire for sparkling teeth? Change just once more—to Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder used on a moist brush—and see how effective a dentifrice can be that is *all cleanser*. There's no acid or pumice in Dr. Lyon's, nothing to injure tooth enamel—for it was developed by a practicing dentist. Yet from the very first brushing it makes teeth brighter, refreshing the mouth at the same time. Saves you money, too! Matched for price, Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder outlasts tooth paste two-to-one.

Next time you need a dentifrice, get tooth *powder*—Dr. Lyon's—and see how much better you like it. All drugstores have it.

Why pay for water in a dentifrice?



Canada's leading tooth powder

USE DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER ...on a moist brush

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Special Blend, Glo-Rachel, South American, and Natural. $1.25.

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DG 22

THE OTHER PAGE

Stuffed Shirts

BY JOHN HOARE

"HE'S a stuffed shirt!" is one of those excellent products of American slang, both pictorial and expressive. It is, moreover, legitimately derived from the dictionary. Stuffed birds, for instance, are described as "birds whose skins are filled out with padding into life-like shape." So take a man's shirt and stuff it with the chest of a pompous biped. Fill him up with platitudes, corset him with clichés, and our derivative is clear.

But is that all, really all? I think in times like these we might usefully explore the make-up of the stuffed shirt. Why is he what he is? Are stuffed shirts the same in all countries? And are they born stuffed? Or do they have stuffing thrust upon them?

They are certainly international. Moreover, the French species varies from the English. French chests are padded with more formal, professional stuffing, while the English bulk mostly with family or social. Think of those French ministers and authors who make formal funeral orations over deceased generals and academicians. Marvellous scope for stuffed shirtery there!

Talking of generals, an army—a regular peace-time army, I mean—offers a perfect incubator for incipient stuffed shirts. The gradual rise from rank to rank, irrespective of ability, and the group effort to maintain things as they are, both combine to fertilize ideal soil for the species. Let me quote from the stage direction of a play, written in 1909. "In front of the fire, since that is the point of vantage, stands at this moment Major Booth Voysey. He is of the age that it is necessary for a Major to be, and of an appearance that many ordinary Majors in ordinary regiments are. He went into the army because he thought it would be like a school-boy's idea of it; and, being there, he does his little all to keep it so."

Do you begin to see a glimmering, a first light on the psychology of the genus stuffed shirt? Early in adolescence a misconception is formed, no matter whence derived. This builds into wishful thinking that the army, or business, or destined career, is, or can be made to become, as it is imagined. Determination grows and strengthens that life *shall* be like that, willy-nilly. In place of flexibility, alertness, and gradual readjustment to knowledge acquired during youth, the latent stuffed shirt shuts his eyes and says to himself, "I do not wish life to be like that. Therefore it is not like that." Henceforth, whenever it insists on being like that, it is met with opposition and antagonism. For self-protection against reality is the surrounding bastion of the stuffed shirt.

MATURE stuffed shirts, properly rounded off, range in age from thirty-five to seventy. After seventy, unless rude health is still enjoyed, the stuffing slips a bit. For ultimately there is one reality that must be faced by all. But are they born stuffed? Yes, I am inclined to think that the majority are pre-natally stuffed, while the minority contract it through contagion. From his mother, from his father too, little George inherits the glands, the background and the blood-pressure that lead to success in stuffed shirtery.

As to infancy, I see him lobstered, more hairless than most babes, lying still with inexpressive eyes and a moist, puckered brow. Then suddenly exploding into squawls that raise the roof. A signal of disapproval.

What of him as a school-boy? At school, the young stuffed shirt can find strong supporting elements. Routine bolsters him up. Bullying offers him scope for proving physically how right his ideas are. Lessons, I admit, present certain difficulties, but stuffed shirts are by no means always stupid—not in their daily routines. Moreover, at school there is the football team where he can, for the first notable time in his life, wallow in the swill of his own significance. Other lads may take it in their stride; not so George. He is different.

How would he be as a lover? I think, like many nice, normal people, he would drag his future mate to freeze at every kind of sport. But George would make a religion of it. He would never drift casually into matrimony. Neither his glands nor his background would condone it. He has to be very, very careful in picking a special girl for a special purpose. You see, comparatively early in life, financial success has come to crown his blood-pressure. And with success came vanity. And to George's vanity his wife must dedicate herself ministering attendant. Vanity burns day and night on the altar of his self-esteem. It must never go out! For vanity is the spirit informing the stuffing. Without it, the stuffing might fall. You remember Humpty-Dumpty!

Let us look at him in his completion, in his autumnal ripeness, at the age of sixty. For he is now perfected. Do you recall the wise saws and modern instances he used to project before the war?

"I tell you, what this Country needs is a Mussolini!"

"That man Hitler knows how to govern too."

"D'you know what that young fool said to me? He said he hated Chamberlain's government. He's a Red. Ought to be locked up. Dangerous!"

IT IS THE method of self-expression that betrays the species. You, indeed, may hold one political opinion, myself another. But neither you, nor I, I trust, dogmatically assert that the opposed opinion should be incarcerated. George does.

How true of stuffed shirts is the proverb — "Who knows least presumes most." When it comes to the arts, we find George equally didactic, equally ready with omnipresent judgment.

"Do you like Ravel's music?"

"Ravel? Who the deuce is Ravel? Is he that modern fellow who hits all the wrong notes on purpose? Ha-ha! That's good! Did you hear that one, Marge? *Marge!* Come here! I've something to tell you."

"Modern art, indeed! I tell you, these modern artists are crazy. They can't even see straight. They're Communists too, that's my belief. Ought to be locked up!"

The stuffed shirt will never argue with anyone capable of rational, civilized argument. He will invariably adopt one of three methods of escape.

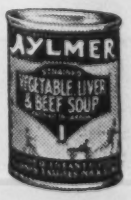
The first is to bombard you with a salvo of clichés, projected by a booming voice under rising blood-pressure. You decide he is becoming apoplectic, and retire.

The second is to gas you, either directly or by implication, with, to him, such derogatory names as Red, Socialist, Laborite, Englishman, Canuck, Anzac. Thus you are instantly placed in a different class from himself and consequently no opinion of yours either matters or counts.

The third method is his last resort —to turn the argument into a schoolboy joke, invoking others to come quickly, ostensibly to share his wit, actually to save him. To hold a stuffed shirt in argument requires the grip and determination of a bronco buster. And is it worth the effort? Generally not. That is why they still flourish in civilized society, despite the fact that they are, properly speaking, anti-social. For they represent the static in a dynamic world.

Aylmer

INFANTS FOODS



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Vegetable Soup	Wax Beans
Tomatoes	Asparagus
Squash & Carrots	Vegetable Juices
Spinach	Vegetable, Liver & Beef Soup

ALWAYS ASK FOR AYLMER

ART AND ARTISTS

Portraits by Myfanwy Campbell

BY R. S. LAMBERT

"WHY paint portraits?", I asked Myfanwy Campbell when I met her in the Roberts Gallery (Grenville Street) on the eve of her exhibition there in aid of the Red Cross. "Because I enjoy scenery too much to paint landscapes," was her original reply, "and I can bring a human figure or face more easily within the compass of my canvas." Mrs. Campbell has been painting for ten years, following a year's study of art in Boston and London. Being unable to do other forms of war work, she conceived this plan of devoting the fruits of her talent to the Red Cross. Two exhibitions of her work, held in Victoria and Vancouver, have already yielded over $5,000. in admission fees and portrait commissions (27 of these in Vancouver alone). Now Mrs. Campbell has brought up some three dozen of her pictures to Toronto, showing them to the public for one week (January 16-23, admission, one dollar), and inviting commissions, the whole proceeds of which will go to the Red Cross. Mrs. Campbell is a rapid worker, requiring only from two to four sittings, and she plans to stay in Toronto until her forthcoming commissions have been executed.

Her portrait of Vice - Admiral Nelles is an excellent example of her skill in securing a good likeness. Mrs. Campbell aims to express in her work the spirit of her sitters, and she succeeds admirably, whether her subjects are men, women, or children. British Columbia furnishes the subjects of her present exhibition; but even without knowing the originals, one can recognize personality in such portraits as those of Mrs. W. C. Todd of Victoria, and of "Trudie" (Mrs. James Munro). Specially attractive—because a breakaway from the usual head-and-shoulders — is 'Moonlight', an impressionistic study of Mrs. Gertrude Huntly Greene playing her piano at nightfall in her garden. Here Mrs. Campbell has caught a mood of twilight inspiration; the last gleams of light, the white dress, the darkling landscape behind, all lend a peculiar charm to this figure study, showing that the artist has yet unexplored gifts ranging beyond the ordinary type of portrait.

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—The Publishers.

SATURDAY NIGHT,
The Canadian Weekly

at EATON'S

Susan Scott Measurements

Height-5'3"

Bust-35"

Waist-29"

Hips-39"

Weight-133½

Size-14

Two-piece dress in fresh, crisp dotted rayon crepe with solid colour panel of rayon bengaline; black and white, brown and white. $19.95.

Susan Scott

Breaks Into PRINT

That average-size misses' frock which fits you so well . . . with its careful proportions . . . blossoms out with a new season in mind! Happy colour-combinations that give you a lift just to look at them . . . prints that seem to have Spring woven right into them. And, of course, they're still primarily "Susan Scotts" . . . which means extra fulness through the middle, and a slightly shorter distance between shoulder and waist. "New Sizes" 12 to 20 in the group.

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Safety for the Investor SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, JANUARY 16, 1943 *P. M. Richards, Financial Editor*

Air Transport Faces Keen Post-War Competition

BY D. B. WALLACE

Experienced air operators have recently brought air cargo controversy out of the clouds and down to earth. Post-war commercial possibilities of air freight will be determined by more than the single factor of speed advantage. Competitive costs, together with rate of flow and convenience, are both important considerations in determining traffic channels. Present air costs average about 40 cents per ton mile compared to less than one cent for rail transport.

Transport students agree future of air transport indeed great, but it will create entirely new traffic as well as taking away competitive traffic from ground carriers. Cargo planes will provide supplementary express service rather than destroying long-haul mass-moving surface transport systems.

AIR cargo has been born of the drastic need to speedily supply far-flung battle posts on a global war front.

When peace comes will competitive costs force it down or will it expand into a transport giant?

Already there are signs that some of the wild claims made for the cargo plane just cannot stand the test of practicability. When air economists rather than air enthusiasts dig deep for facts the picture changes. The belief current a few months ago that air carriers were the ready-made cure-all for huge movements of war supplies no longer holds true in high military or commercial air circles.

Robert A. Lovett, Assistant Secretary of War for Air in the United States, recently stated that the cargo plane holds an indispensable place in any modern military establishment but its role is that of "a supplementary express service" rather than a substitute freight service.

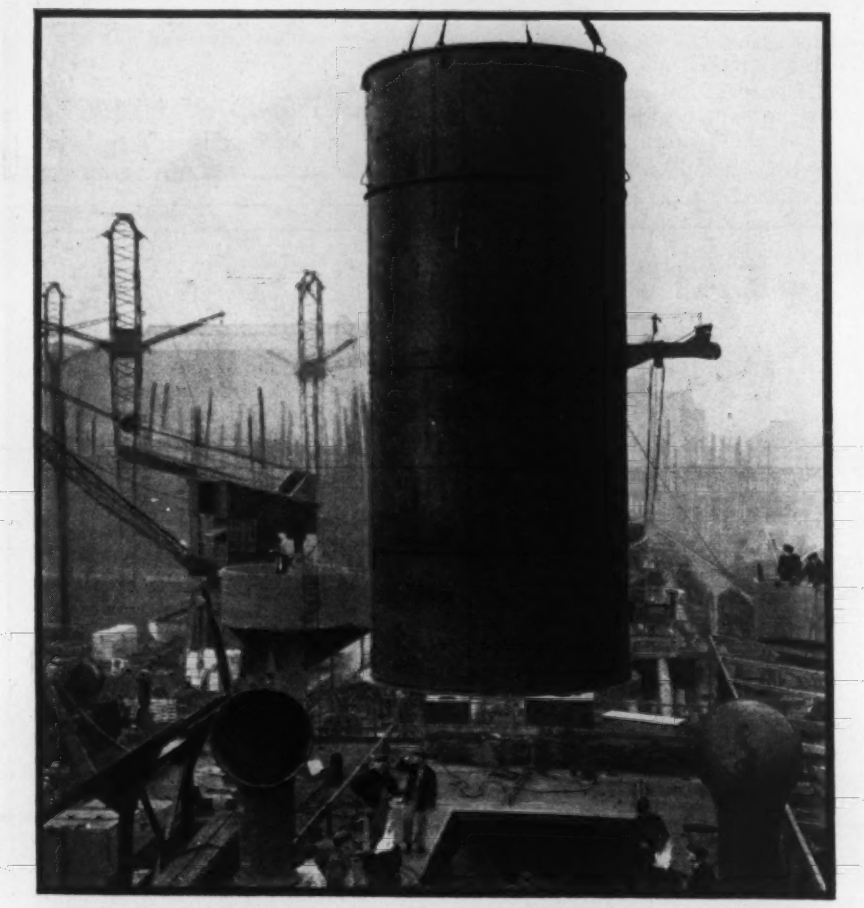
In the opinion of this most ardent but realistic supporter of air power, "transport planes today present a picture of limitless possibilities within their proper field and disappointing limitations if they are improperly used." He went on to add that too many people were being trapped into believing that transport planes could take the place of ships and added that "there is, in fact, no good reason why they should."

Mr. Lovett backed up his statements by presenting some of the most interesting figures yet developed to show the gigantic and impossible task which would face cargo planes in the long-haul movement of bulk supplies. To move 100,000 long tons of supplies to Australia would require the following number and supplies for 4-engine cargo planes as compared with surface ships.

San Francisco—Australia—about 6500 miles
100,000 long supplies a month

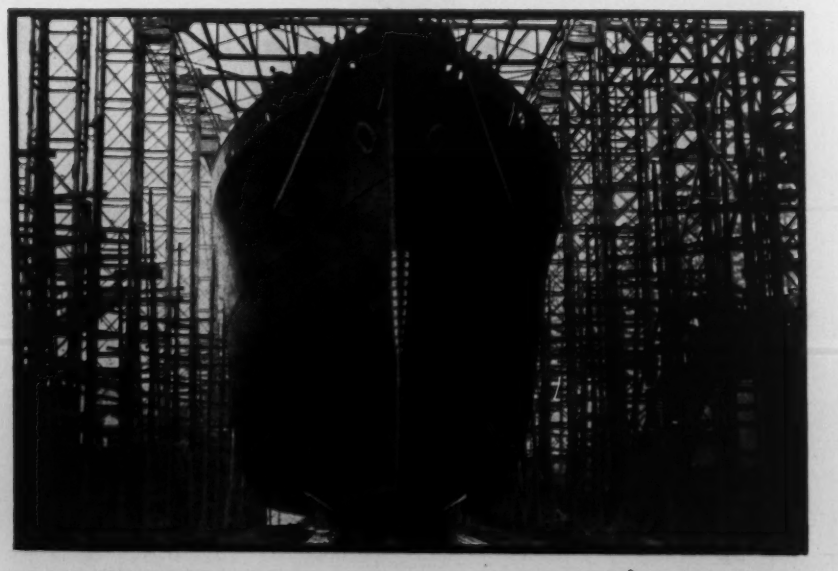
Surface vessels	
Number	14
Crew	3,200
Fuel, bbls.	165,000
Tankers	0
Cargo Planes	
Number	10,022
Crew	120,765
Fuel, bbls.	8,996,614
Tankers	85

This dramatic disclosure shows, first, that much of the modern type of heavy mechanized war equipment



Much has been heard of the magnificent achievements of American shipyards. British shipbuilders, too, have been breaking records in fast production. For example, the yard at which these pictures were taken launches a 10,000-ton merchantman every third week, due to adoption of modern pre-fabrication methods. Here a funnel is lowered for fitting.

Women do their part building ships for Britain. Here some are painting the huge freighter which (below) is waiting to slip down the ways. (According to Oliver Lyttleton, British Production Minister, Allied program for 1943 calls for construction of 20 million tons of shipping.)



THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Victory Loans vs. Inflation

BY P. M. RICHARDS

THREE months from now—only three months—we shall be into another Victory Loan campaign. But, you may say, there's no need to worry; we know that we can rely on Mr. Spinney and his associates to put the loan over. Unfortunately there's no justification for such complacency. True enough, the National War Finance Committee and its workers have done a wonderful job on past loans and are highly efficient and experienced. But against this, each loan is necessarily tougher than the one preceding it, and secondly, the truth is that past loans have not been as successful as the lay public has thought them to be.

Despite substantial over-subscription in each case, they have not really been fully successful because of the disappointingly small proportion of the total "take" that was subscribed by individual investors as against institutional and corporate investors, and because an unduly large proportion of the bonds bought by individuals have later been re-sold by them to the banks. It was the hope of the Government that two-thirds or more of the amount to be raised in the Third Victory Loan would be subscribed by individual investors, leaving only one-third or less to be provided by institutional investors, but actually the proportions were just about reversed; the corporations, etc., supplied the major portion and the individuals the minor. The number of individual subscribers was encouragingly larger in the last loan, but the amount subscribed by them still left much to be desired.

This situation is bad because it means that the loans are not doing the job they are meant to do. That is not only to provide the Government with funds to carry on the war without its having to resort to inflationary borrowing from the banks, but also to obtain a proper proportion of the needed money from the section of the public that has had the greatest increase in income from the war.

Many Have Had No Increase

Though the national income today is not far short of twice what it was in September 1939, it has to be remembered that very many salaried people and others dependent on fixed incomes have had no increase in income as a result of the war, and that the wartime taxes mean for them a substantial decline in purchasing power. Clearly these people will not and can not be heavy buyers of Victory bonds. It follows that so far as individuals are concerned, the big field for subscriptions to Victory Loans must necessarily be that comprised by the multitude of war-workers and family groups who are now enjoying much larger incomes than they did before the war.

It is essential that this large section of the public do its full part in buying Victory bonds for two reasons: (1) that only by its doing so can the required funds be provided without an undue strain being placed on other sections of the national economy, and (2) because it is economically dangerous and socially undesirable that this war-increased purchasing power shall be left free to exercise itself upon the greatly diminished and rapidly dwindling supply of consumer goods. It is the spending by this group which has been largely responsible for the civilian "buying spree" which has been in effect ever since the great expansion of our war production. It is this spending which is putting a pressure on prices so great as to endanger the whole price control structure.

The present practice in Loan campaigns is to "put the heat" on the full-pocket and empty-pocket prospects alike. This column respectfully suggests that before the next loan arrives, the National War Finance Committee put on an educational campaign specifically directed at the full-pocket prospects, who, we are convinced, will recognize their duty and act accordingly if it is brought home to them.

Bond Buyers Must Hold on to Them

Another educational campaign is needed to induce buyers of Victory bonds to continue holding them. Part of the blame for their all-too-common failure to do so is attributable to some Victory Loan canvassers themselves, who, in their eagerness to make sales, emphasize the ease with which the bonds may be turned into cash at any time. The celebrated "Don't Be a Welsher" advertisement was perhaps a little too abrupt, but the principle was sound enough and, while the right of a bond buyer to cash his holdings to take care of an emergency need should be admitted and provided for, the moral duty of the buyer to carry through his undertaking to maturity of the bonds, and the advantage to himself of so doing, should be stated in plain terms.

We said earlier in this piece that each loan is a little harder to "put over" than those preceding it. A prime reason for this is that the loan subscriptions of business concerns, which have formed so large a part of the total subscriptions, have been made to a considerable extent with working capital which has been unemployable in normal business operations because of curtailment of the latter due to the war. These firms, in many cases, have no further funds to put into Victory bonds, and a void is thereby created which can only be filled by an increased subscription by individual investors.

While the Government's borrowings from the public are large, the national income has risen much more than is required to take care of them, so there is no question of the people's ability as a whole to provide the funds needed. But the increase in national income has been far from evenly distributed, and if the Government is to get its money it may have in future to go where the money is. An important gain in so doing is that the money thus taken into Victory bonds would also be taken out of the mill-race of inflation.

would not lend itself to efficient movement by planes with limited cubic carrying capacity. Secondly, air cargo planes have the great disadvantage of being decidedly limited as to payload by fuel capacity. A ship carries its own fuel to get it back from a long voyage. Cargo planes need ships to spot fuel for the return air journey.

Admittedly plane designers are making sensational improvements but it still takes 35 tons of gasoline to get 5 tons of freight to Chungking and then get the plane back to the United States and this, on a war basis, when costs do not count. In other words the airplane is not something complete in itself but, rather, a supplementary instrument with its efficiency related to utilizing local fuel or other forms of transportation for bunker purposes. At the same time it has no rival for improvisation or emergency movements.

A recent study in *Fortune* indicates that in 1943 the United States will produce military and non-military cargo amounting to about 50 million tons. Figuring this as 220 billion ton miles of work, it is estimated that the air cargo fleet being built could, at best, carry about 2 per cent of the total load and cover about 1.5 per cent of the total ton miles.

Problem of Cost

In wartime it is admittedly a question not of how much, but rather, how fast. On this basis the transport plane has been a life-saver and is daily enhancing its key position in supply strategy. There is no question that the only limiting factor to greater military air supply traffic is the output of planes and crews.

Students of transportation generally agree that competition in the post-war transportation field will be at a record pitch for the railways are running at an all-time high peak of efficiency and the highway industry will have great fleets of faster and more efficient road hauling units. Both in the realm of cost and service the surface transport agencies of Canada and the United States have set up an enviable record. It is on top of these systems that commercial air cargo must find its competitive position. As transportation of commodities is a business competitive on a price basis, it is easy to see that air carriers have a cost problem to overcome before any great inroads are made on surface transport.

From Mr. W. A. Patterson, President of United Air Lines, and one of America's leading aviation thinkers, have recently come most thought-provoking angles on the highly controversial air versus surface transport issue. Mr. Patterson has brought the air cargo controversy out of the stratosphere and down to earth. While he has great confidence in the post-war future of aviation, he feels that over-enthusiastic predictions of the influence of the airplane in the post-war world will, in the end, prove harmful to air growth.

Air Cost Must Drop

Backed up by the operating records of the pioneer air line in the United States, Mr. Patterson frankly predicts that air and rail will be competitive for certain types of passenger and express business. However, he suggests that the railroads will gain more in freight traffic created by the development of a large air industry than they will lose in passenger business to the air lines. In other words, air traffic will create as well as take away traffic from surface carriers.

He bases his remarks on competitive conditions largely on the grounds of relative costs and points out that airplane costs for cargo movement are now about thirty-five times higher than the freight train. This condition, together with the fact that speed is by no means the most predominant issue in the movement of a large number of commodities, leads him to state that there is a long way to go yet before the airplane puts the railroads and steamships out of business.

There is also the additional angle that a great volume of the nation's commerce moves in certain channels because of convenience as well as cost and the rate of flow is as important as the speed of despatch. Many of the largest traffic movements in the United States and Canada are now served by low cost, high speed, overnight rail-express or fast freight services.

Mr. Patterson agrees that air cost will admittedly come down in the post-war period, but even allowing for a hundredfold increase in air traffic from today's levels, and substantial reduction from present operating costs, he indicates that this will result in the reduction of only 60% in total unit costs. Such a reduction would bring the present air average costs of around forty cents to levels somewhere in the neighborhood of ten cents per ton mile. This is still many times the cost of rail surface transport, which is less, on the average, than one cent per ton mile.

While Mr. Patterson's remarks were directed to the United States, they apply to an even greater extent in Canada where the bulk of the nation's rail freight consists of long haul mass movement of bulky products such as grain and agricultural commodities, lumber and newsprint, coal and mineral products, machinery, petroleum products, and the like.

Only 2.5% of Canada's total rail tonnage in 1941 was L.C.L. freight shipment, and even much of this would not be suitable for plane carriage. At the same time, particularly in Northern Canada where the airplane is a vehicle of transport and not a competitive transport agency, it would seem reasonable to believe that air freight traffic will considerably increase, provided the Northern country retains or expands its present rate of growth. On the other hand a percentage of present rail express and parcel post traffic will likely take to the air.

All transportation experts agree that the future of the airplane in commerce is indeed great, particularly in the movement of passengers, mail, and certain types of cargo. At the same time those actively engaged in the air transportation business realize that this growth will, in itself, not mean the destruction of surface transport systems.

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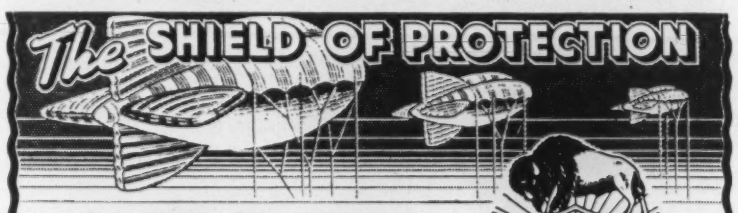

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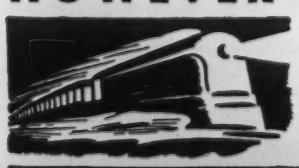

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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

WATERLOO MFG.

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I notice that the price of Waterloo Manufacturing Co. common has been improving lately and I am wondering if the company has been doing better. Can you give me any idea how it made out in 1942?

—A. H., Winnipeg, Man.

You are right in supposing that the rise in quotations on the unlisted market reflects improvement in Waterloo Manufacturing's earnings position. While the annual report covering the year ended December 31, 1942, will not be out for some time, I understand that earnings on the common will prove to be substantially ahead of the 32 cents per share shown for 1941, which compared with 16 cents for 1940 and a deficit of $2.89 per share for 1939. The company is reported to have improved its balance sheet position materially during the past year and to have paid off a bank loan amounting to $384,467 at the end of 1941, which had been progressively reduced from $752,616 in 1939.

While Waterloo Manufacturing's normal business is the production of farm implements, a large part of its capacity is now employed on war orders, and I understand that orders on hand are sufficient to assure a high rate of activity during the coming months. The company has spent a considerable amount of money on plant improvements in recent years. The mill is treating 600 tons daily and there is a possibility this will be increased once times become normal again.

The working capital position has steadily improved and at September 30, exceeded $489,000, before making provision for taxes, largely due to the rise in the average recovery. In the nine months ending September it was $4.55 per ton, against $3.24 in the like period of 1941.

SLADEN-MALARTIC

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Will you kindly give me a report on Sladen-Malartic, as I understand the prospects have improved but am wondering what effect war conditions have had? What is the ore and financial position?

—J. L. B., St. Stephen, N.B.

Depth development at Sladen-Malartic has been slowed down by the shortage of manpower and further labor and supply difficulties would undoubtedly have an unfavorable reaction as the margin of profit is not large. The labor situation continues acute but the feeling is growing that the workers in the gold industry may not be disturbed to any further great extent. It is true the situation minewise has been improving with the grade of ore rising and the treasury position strengthened. In the first nine months of 1942, an operating profit of 9 cents a share was reported, after cost of shaft sinking, but before depreciation and taxes.

Ore reserves at the beginning of 1942 totalled 730,000 tons and should now show a considerable gain both in tonnage and grade. The shaft was deepened last year and a new block of levels opened in the No. 2 shaft area, where values in the Telluride orebody have noticeably changed the ore situation and profit possibilities.

HONEY DEW

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Please say if you think Honey Dew Limited common shares are a conservative investment and if the company is making progress.

—K. L. C., Grimsby, Ont.

The current yield of slightly over 9 per cent on the shares certainly shows that investors generally do not regard Honey Dew Limited common as a conservative investment, nor does the long-term earnings record entitle it to that classification. However, the company is making progress. With sales up 4 per cent to $1,800,492, the company's net profit rose to $98,331 or $4.59 a share in the year ended October 31, 1942, from $80,346 or $3.89 the previous year. The $2 dividend rate was more than doubly earned. Income and excess profits taxes were $60,000 against $45,000. Excess of current liabilities over current assets was reduced from $51,065 to $12,738 as current assets amounted to $162,098 against current liabilities of $174,836.

The name of the company is to be changed to Canadian Food Products, Limited and it will become a holding company with, initially, two wholly-owned subsidiaries: (1) Honey Dew Company Limited, which will acquire the present business, and (2) Industrial Food Services Limited, which the company acquired in June, 1942. The latter supplies food and refreshments to industrial plants—15 now, with several additions in prospect—and it shows a small profit (not consolidated with parent statement) after development expenses. Honey Dew Western Ltd. was acquired for 761 shares.

HOMEWARD

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would like to get some information on Homeward Mines Limited, situated in the Zeballos district of Vancouver Island. I understand the company had to cease operations due to war conditions. Is the stock listed on the Vancouver Stock Exchange?

—D. C., Hull, Que.

Yes, it is true that cessation of operations at Homeward Mines, Ltd., for the duration was due to war conditions. It was the latest gold property in the Zeballos district to come into production and although an operating profit was earned during its brief period of activity the shutdown was due to shortage of labor and materials.

In the opinion of the managing director "the presence of a gold mine of considerable proportions is now indicated and reserves established so that operation may be resumed as soon as circumstances become more favorable."

Homeward has met with numerous difficulties from the outset. Financing was not easy and mine labor hard to secure from the commencement of production late in 1941, as the property was farthest from the town of Zeballos. Mill operation has been satisfactory and average recovery over $20 per ton. Officials believe the operation will prove quite successful on a 50-ton daily basis once sufficient labor is available.

No, the stock is not listed on the Vancouver Stock Exchange.

WENDIGO

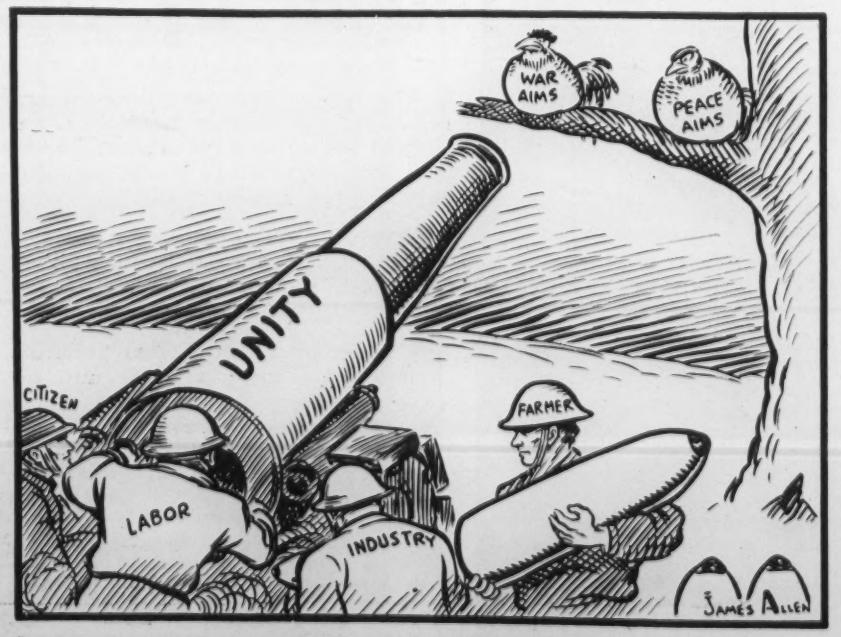
Editor, Gold & Dross:

Early last summer you answered an inquiry for me on the outlook for Wendigo Gold Mines, and I am again asking if you would kindly review the position as at present?

—C. D. M., Fort William, Ont.

In preparation for cessation of operations Wendigo Gold Mines is cleaning up its mine and mill, and expectations are that the supply of ore will be exhausted within the next month or two. Back in April ore reserves were estimated as sufficient for six months' milling. Production of $43,752 in October was the highest for any month since November, but the next month the output was valued at $63,494.

Earlier in the year H. G. Young,



LET'S AIM TO GET BOTH

PLAN AHEAD

The government of Canada has announced plans to finance much of the war expenditure out of current revenue. War taxes of various sorts are being imposed. To meet them the first step is to save systematically. Open an account with this Corporation and be ready when the government calls.

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DIVIDEND NO. 224

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of one and one-half per cent in Canadian funds on the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 30th January 1943 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Monday, 1st February next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st December 1942. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board
S. M. WEDD,
General Manager
Toronto, 28th December 1942

Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines Limited
DIVIDEND NUMBER 366

A regular dividend of 1% has been declared by the Directors on the Capital Stock of the Company, payable on the 28th day of January, 1943, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 14th day of January, 1943.

DATED the 7th day of January, 1943.
P. C. FINLAY,
Secretary.

GOLD & DROSS

president, estimated the company's assets roughly at $400,000, or equivalent to about 23 cents a share. Cash or quick assets were shown at $272,000, and it was thought about $100,000, could be realized from salvage of the plant. A good demand exists for mining machinery at present for strategic and base metal operations, as well as replacements for active gold mines.

The above estimate of 23 cents a share for shareholders is likely a conservative one and it is reasonable to expect a higher return. Unofficial estimates place the amount at around 25 cents.

CALUMET

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Some months ago there were reports of possible activity on the part of Calumet Mines, and I would appreciate you giving me a brief picture of what, if anything, is taking place. —*J. T. G., Wolfville, N.S.*

Under a reorganization plan, assented to by shareholders last spring, assets of Calumet Mines were taken over by New Calumet Ltd., with a capitalization of 3,000,000 shares, of which 1,399,902 were issued to the old company, along with $302,310—ten-year notes. Frobisher Exploration Co., and associates, agreed to provide $75,000, for exploration and on completion of this expenditure were to receive $75,000, of the above mentioned notes.

Extensive drilling previously carried out is reported to have indicated 1,300,000 tons averaging 8.82% zinc, 2.75% lead, .041 oz. gold and 6.24 oz. silver to the ton. A shaft has been sunk and one level established at 300-feet, with some drifting done in both directions. Flat diamond drill holes put out at 25-foot intervals confirmed estimates of ore widths up to 40 feet.

It was announced if results lived up to expectations that a concentrator would be erected, and I understand the big demand for zinc concentrates has hastened the program. The new interests were reported about three months ago as preparing a program of development designed to bring the property into production as speedily as possible. Power was expected to be available in three or four months and it was hoped to have sufficient information within a few months to decide if production plans were justified.

MONTREAL COTTONS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Can you tell me whether Montreal Cottons' profits in 1942 exceeded the $4 dividend rate satisfactorily, and if, in your opinion, the dividend is safe?

—*G. B. C., Quebec, Que.*

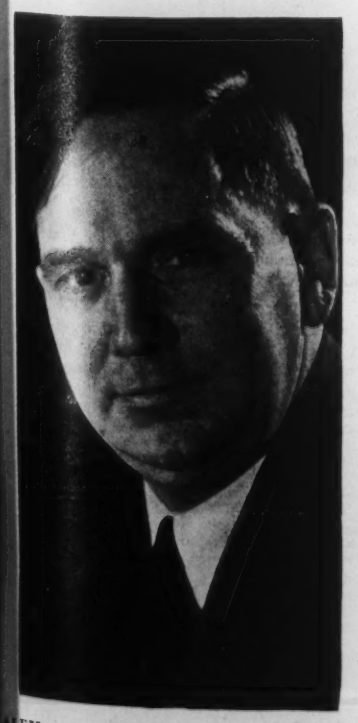
The answer is yes to both questions. The large increase in production achieved by Montreal Cottons Limited in 1941 was maintained in 1942, and although the company had to meet a further increase in taxes, the balance applicable to common dividends was almost certainly more than sufficient to cover the $4 common dividend. The company's working capital position was good at the end of 1941, and I think the dividend should be safe.

However, because of the higher taxes (from July 1 to December 31, 1942, the 100 per cent E.P.T. was in effect) and the fact that the company has been having to pay more for its supplies of raw cotton as a result of the loss of two bonuses or subsidies on purchases of United States raws, the amount earned per common share will probably fall short of the $8.49 shown for 1941, which compared with $4.48 for 1940.

Operations in 1941 were at an all-time peak and the company's total income for the year was $2,469,106 against $1,340,582 for 1940. In 1942 as in 1941 war orders constituted a very large percentage of the company's output.

The Dominion Association of Chartered Accountants announces the appointment of Mr. W. A. McKague (above) as secretary-treasurer, succeeding the late Mr. Austin H. Carr.

Mr. McKague brings to the Association a wide experience in financial, educational and secretarial work. He is a graduate and M.A. of the University of Toronto. In earlier years he was a financial editor. For the past fourteen years he has been a consulting economist, specializing in security and commodity trading. He is the author of several business books and of many magazine articles.



ALEX. M. MILLER, who was recently appointed Director of Public Relations for Small Arms, Limited, at Long Branch, Ontario. Fifteen years with the Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited, where he was Director of Advertising, Mr. Miller has been on leave of absence during the past year in order to serve as manager of the Oil Controller's regional office at Windsor, Ontario.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

CYCLICAL, OR ONE TO TWO-YEAR TREND: American common stocks, after remaining in an accumulation area in 1941 and part of 1942, are now in an advancing stage with various technical indications pointing to this advance as being major in character.

INTERMEDIATE, OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND: An intermediate upturn developed from April 28 lows. Evidence is lacking that this intermediate advance has reached a point of culmination, although possibility of technical price correction at this time is not to be overlooked.

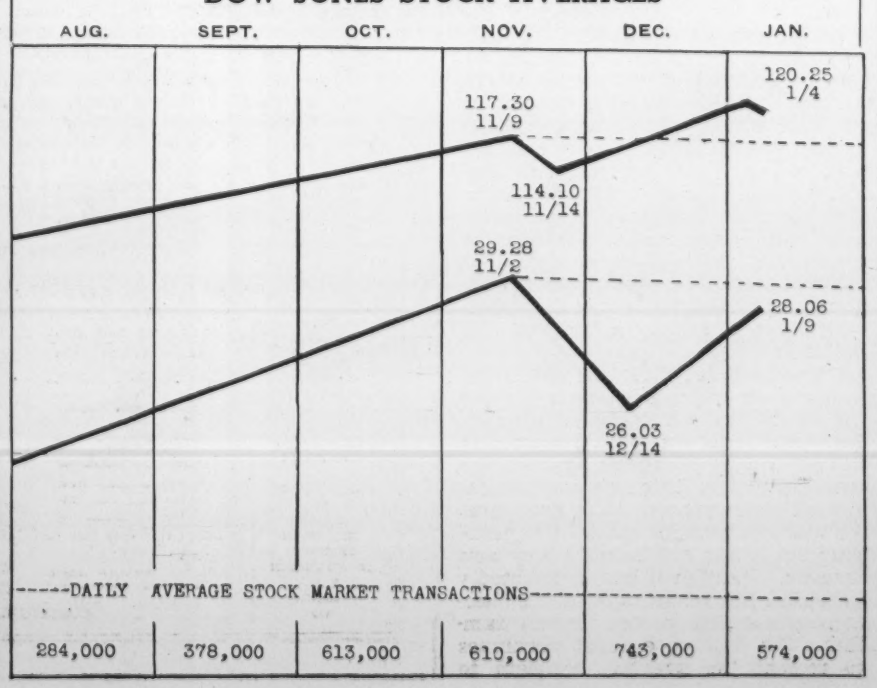
MARKET NOW VULNERABLE TO BAD NEWS

At one point and another during the course of the intermediate advance that started from the 92 level on the Dow-Jones industrial average in late April 1942, we have stated that we have observed no technical evidences that such advance has reached a point of distribution. By technical evidences we refer to breadth of activity, heavy volume turnover, and relatively large public participation. At the present writing we still see no signs of such distribution. Volume, it is true, was heavy around the year-end, but this, we believe, can be attributed to belated tax selling that had to be concentrated into the two or three final days available for such purpose.

Sight must not be lost of the fact, however, that the stock market has been advancing for over eight months without a worthwhile recession. Furthermore, prices, as reflected by the Dow-Jones industrial average, have reached into the 120/125 area—a point set up by us near the initiation of the rise as one of technical resistance. Each of these considerations suggests to us that the market is now fairly vulnerable to any unexpected adverse news development. Accordingly, we recommended last week, on attainment of the 120 zone, that readers start building up cash reserves.

This policy contemplated the disposition, during the past week, of a per cent of stock holdings—say, 25% for those (generally traders) whose ideal position would be that of being 100% out of stocks at an intermediate top, 12.5% for those (generally investors) whose ideal position would be that of being 50% out of stocks at an intermediate top. Such selling could be looked upon as in the nature of insurance. If the market climbs on up to maximum objectives estimated by us at 140/145, or, if short of that point, other evidences of distribution are observed by us, plenty of stocks will still be on hand to liquidate at the then enhanced prices. Meanwhile, any unexpected development that might bring on a market decline would find cash on hand for buying purposes.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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Sound Growth
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Dec. 31, 1942
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Equitable Provision
Policyholders' Reserves
Dec. 31, 1942
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FOUR SQUARE

ABOUT INSURANCE

Fire Insurance in War Economy

BY GEORGE GILBERT

Public services performed by the associated fire insurance companies through their inspection and engineering departments, while of notable value at all times, take on a greatly increased value during a war, when maintenance of peak production of armament, munitions and supplies for the fighting forces becomes of paramount importance.

That Canadian plants manufacturing war goods have been largely free of serious interruption by fire has been due in no small degree to their compliance with the fire-safety standards established by the underwriters and to the use of apparatus and equipment tested and approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

WHILE it is generally known that the fire insurance companies operating in Canada under Government license and deposit requirements have been furnishing sound indemnity to their policyholders over a lengthy period, it is rather surprising to anyone familiar with the situation to find how unaware the public is, as a rule, of the important contribution being made at the present time by these companies in their associated capacity to the country's war effort.

As a matter of fact, the technical knowledge developed by these companies over the years as to the causes of fires, the ways of preventing them, and the most effective methods of putting them out when they do occur, is helping materially in the prosecution of the war and in hastening the day of victory.

This knowledge, acquired as the result of the expenditure of much effort and money by the associated companies, has kept pace with the developments in science and industry, and, while it has a beneficial effect upon the country's economy at all times, it becomes of much greater importance in time of war when the destruction of property by fire may have a serious effect upon the production of munitions and other essential war materials.

It must always be kept in mind that while insurance provides indemnity in money for insured goods and other property destroyed by fire, it cannot recreate them; they are gone forever. The resources of the country are reduced to that extent, and in addition serious delays or bottlenecks may result and cause a shortage of supplies required for the war fronts. Further, there is a scarcity of many materials at present, and if these are destroyed by fire it may be extremely difficult or impossible to replace them.

Fire Precautions Needed

Accordingly, precautions against fire must be taken on the farms and at the mines where the raw materials are produced, on the transportation systems carrying such materials, at the warehouses where they are stored, in the factories where they go through the manufacturing process, and, in fact, they must be protected against damage or destruction by fire as far as possible until they reach their ultimate destination.

That it is possible for any industry to place itself in a position where it can function efficiently without having to worry about serious interruption by fire is due in large measure to the public-spirited action of the associated insurance companies in making available reliable and tested standards of fire prevention and fire protection which if compiled with will remove the menace of fire or reduce it to a minimum.

For those who are planning the erection of a new building or the remodelling of an old one for the production of war materials, they have available the modern and well-tested regulations of the underwriters' building code which will enable them to construct and operate the plant so as to minimize the likelihood of fire.

Many architects and construction engineers have already adopted the underwriters' standards for the installation of standpipe and hose systems, sprinkler equipment, water main systems and other fire extinguishing and fire protection equipment. Electrical installations may also be safeguarded by following the recommendation in the electrical code. Standards have also been made available for ventilating systems, blower and exhaust systems, paint spray booths, for gravity and pressure water tanks and fire pumps, and for the organization and equipment of private fire brigades.

Apparatus Tested

Reliable information is also made available by the associated underwriters regarding the merits and efficiency of many of the appliances, devices, machines and materials needed in a war plant, as the result of the research and tests made by the Underwriters' Laboratories, whose label attached to any piece of material or equipment is an assurance of its dependability. Before such a label is attached, samples of all such material and equipment are thoroughly tested for life and fire hazards and their freedom from inherent faults which might result in accident to those using them.

While a war plant is in course of construction or while in operation a fire may occur, and, if this should happen, the municipal fire department which will respond to the alarm will be in a position to fight the fire more efficiently because of the information it has been placed in possession of by the insurance underwriters, while the apparatus it uses will likely have been manufactured in accordance with the underwriters' standards.

It is also a fact that the municipality's water supply, fire department equipment and practices, fire alarm system, its building and structural conditions are inspected at more or less regular intervals by the expert engineers of the associated fire insurance companies. As a result of these inspections, recommendations are made for improvements which will lessen the likelihood of serious group or block fires.

Sabotage Prevention

All the facilities of the associated fire insurance companies have been placed at the disposal of the Government since the beginning of the war, including the services of the trained experts of its loss investigation staff who have been co-operating with the fire marshals and police officials in the work of protecting war industries against sabotage and incendiary fires.

Disruption of production by sabotage or preventable fires could result in the loss of battles in North Africa, the south Pacific, Russia, or on other fronts and so postpone the day of victory. That there has so far been a noticeable absence of sabotage during the war may be attributed to quite a degree to the effective preventive measures taken as a result of the combined efforts of the fire marshals, the loss investigation staff of the associated insurance companies, the local police and the R.C.M.P.

Those who are directing industries engaged in war production should not be difficult to convince—though they sometimes are—that precautions and preventive measures against fire are essential to uninterrupted operation of their plants. It is true that the war has brought special fire problems but it has not brought any new hazards, although it has undoubtedly increased the magnitude of the hazards with which we are already familiar. The human element continues to present the greatest problem to the fire preventionist. Carelessness and ignorance on the part of human beings remain as obstacles still to be overcome.

A well-known fire protection and safety engineer has recently expressed the opinion that one of the best fire protection plans for any industry can be reduced to these three basic principles: 1. Clean up and clean out; 2. Separate the risks and isolate hazardous processes or operations; 3. Secure proper fire protection equipment, maintain it, and know how to use it.

• •

Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

Can you tell me in which Province of Canada, whether Manitoba or Ontario, a safety or financial responsibility law for motorists first came into force and when? Also, whether this legislation was original legislation or a copy of some other Act?

—A. M. C., Winnipeg, Man.

It was in the Province of Manitoba that a safety or financial responsibility law for motorists first came into effect in Canada. That was in May, 1930, and in September of the same year the law became effective in Ontario. The provisions of the law followed closely those embodied in the model Bill prepared and sponsored by the American Automobile Association. At the time of its enactment there was a widespread agitation for the adoption of some form of compulsory automobile insurance legislation, and this measure was put forward as a more acceptable method of meeting the requirements of the situation.

THOMAS J. COOK, newly elected president and general manager of The McKinnon Industries Limited, St. Catharines, subsidiary of General Motors Corporation. Mr. Cook has had a distinguished career with General Motors, starting some 20 years ago as a process engineer, becoming works manager of General Motors Radio Corporation in 1929 and in 1931 superintendent of the Delco division of The McKinnon Industries Limited. Appointed factory manager last year, he is now elected president and general manager.

The entire resources of the company of which Mr. Cook is president have been devoted to war production. Employment has more than doubled since the beginning of the war and vast quantities of war materials have been produced at costs reflecting savings of many millions of dollars. In addition to shell fuses, the list includes gunfire control instruments, transmissions, front and rear axles, electrical ignition equipment and other technical equipment.

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Beveridge Plan's Opposers

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

The real, the dangerous, objectors to the Beveridge Plan, says Mr. Layton, will not have their first interest in its cost to the country, or how it might hurt insurance interests, or in any other financial aspect. Their interest is altogether political. They will see in the Plan the expression in cold, scientific, practical language of those tendencies in society which previously have been clothed in shirts of dubious color, and that it speaks for the underdog in whatever walk of life he is found.

PERHAPS the best way in which to understand the importance of the Beveridge Plan is to know the nature of the forces being ranged to attack it, and the best way to understand the nature of the Plan is to know the system by which it is to be attacked. It is, indeed, not enough to look at the Plan as it stands on paper, for like an iceberg its essential guts are hidden from the sight. It is greater in its implications than in its declarations, notably though they are.

As to the attack, Sir William Beveridge knew it would come, and it is coming mainly from the expected quarters, those whose interests are directly threatened—like the insurance companies—, those whose raison d'être is indirectly questioned—like the trade unions—, and those whose objection is that such a scheme, proposed in a board room, would not expect to receive a vote of assent.

The nature of the attack, in which it may be presumed there will be a joining of forces which have not hitherto been particularly sympathetic, is beginning to appear. It will be launched, not under the banner of reaction or stagnation, but flying the flag of progress. Its spearhead will be the argument that the Beveridge Plan does no service to Progress because it is too big for practical implementation, and that it is indivisible, so that its virtues cannot be had piecemeal.

The whole point is that the Plan posits an economic background which we have no reason to suppose will arrive automatically, by the ardours of a benevolent stork. In itself it is a program for providing security of income up to a national minimum, and in presenting its practical proposals it ranks as an important new charter for the British people. But it could not work unless the national income were maintained, and unemployment held down to a low level.

Separate Planning

It will require separate, though very intimately related, planning to secure these two great ends, which are the beginning of the Beveridge Plan. This means that the critics are comfortably positioned. If, as is likely, they are in the main also opposed to such measures of national control as will be necessary to cut down unemployment (a process only conceivable in the post-war world if there are big public works from the outset) and to hold up the national income, then they can hit out at all planning by aiming at the one which has appeared.

What answer can be given to them? In itself, and for its own specified objects, the Beveridge Plan, though presenting a bill which is not negligible, is virtually beyond any but interested criticism.

It guards against the main social risk which it runs, which is the possibility of inaugurating a parasite class, by making its benefits, not limited in terms of time, but related to the individual's willingness to be trained for other work. It guards against the main financial risk, which is that it might be too costly to be supported, by producing plain evidence that its cost is not prohibitive. It guards against the main political risk, which is that it might be too revolutionary, by concentrating on extension and integration, rather than on innovation.

It also has certain broad attributes which claim attention. In particular, its recognition of the fundamental menace to the race of the declining birth rate, against which it proposes the protection of special allowances for family needs, and its recognition, for the first time in British social history, of the vital position of the housewife, are prominent qualifications.

Political Opposition

Here, we cannot go into an examination of the specific proposals. What is even more important is for the Plan to be brought into a broad perspective now. One of the arguments held ready for use by the critics is that we must wait to see how the Plan fits into the new world, and from that they argue that we must wait to see what preparatory steps are taken to make it feasible. But there must be no waiting, for waiting will kill the Plan more surely than anything else. It must be understood that the real, the dangerous, objectors to the plan will not have their first interest in its cost to the country, or how it might hurt insurance interests, or in any other financial aspect. Their interest is altogether political. They will see in the Beveridge Plan the expression in cold, scientific, practical, language of those tendencies in society which previously have been clothed in shirts of dubious color, and that it speaks for the underdog in whatever walk of life he was found. It gives a new responsibility to success, making it accountable for those who have failed, to provide them with an opportunity to succeed.

It is based on the principle that, while the individual is not merely a unit for the State to move as it chooses, the State has a responsibility towards each individual. Hitler would hate it, for he gave the individual to the State, and Beveridge is giving the State to the individual. Many of our old politicians (they shall be nameless) would hate it because it suggests not only a redistribution of income by an automatic means but also a redistribution of status.

These things must be said and understood now and not left. They are so much more important, in the long run, than quibbling over this and that part of the Plan.

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MAKING speeches is not the business of the business man. His chief characteristic is action, not words. What business does, speaks louder than what it says.

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Business men themselves, aren't talking about these accomplishments. But management, together with all the men and all the women whose loyalty and persistence make these things possible, is proceeding quietly and with determination to provide the tools of Victory.

THE BANK OF TORONTO
Incorporated 1855
12-43

AN ALTERNATIVE SPEECH ON TEMPERANCE

On Wednesday, December 16th, the Prime Minister broadcast a speech on Temperance. Canadian Breweries Limited respectfully submits to the Prime Minister what it considers would have been a more suitable speech. It does so, not from any profit motive, since its profits are already controlled by the excess profits tax, but out of a desire to retain the public's respect for its industry and those engaged in it.

THE use of beer, wine and spirits has for long been a controversial subject in Canada and from time to time your government is called upon to find a point of harmony between those who do not drink at all and would like all those beverages prohibited, and those who drink moderately and resent any interference with their liberty. If such a point of harmony could be found, and the whole subject put outside politics and religion, it would be a good thing for Canada's unity in wartime, and later, in peace.

It is important to decide whether or not this should be a moral issue or whether we should look upon drinking in the same light as eating and smoking. The evidence before me shows that many Canadians indulge moderately in beer and spirits. These consumers, as well as those who manufacture the beverages, resent the implication that they are not good Christians.

I think the issue becomes a moral one only at the point where individuals drink excessively and become a nuisance. All parties should be able to agree on this. Let us say therefore, that moderation is the ideal which all good Canadians are eager to attain.

The next thing to determine is whether or not ours is a temperate nation. I have every reason to believe that it is. I know that we consume less beer in Canada, per capita, than they do in Great Britain and the United States. This being so, the problem reduces itself to one of dealing with a few irresponsible people who give the advocates of prohibition a falsely dramatic impression of current conditions.

My attention is drawn to the increased sales of beer and spirits since the beginning of the war, but these increases are only at half the rate of the rise in the National income. Many workmen are now busy who before were idle and penniless.

Let me say at once, there's no question of any unwillingness on anyone's part to make sacrifices for the war, least of all among the brewers who have co-operated in every way possible and I am sure will continue to do so. But it should be pointed out here that fifty men can produce a million gallons of beer, and the basic raw materials necessary to supply the whole of Canada's need of beer are available locally in abundance. Any curtailments that do become necessary we will make with precisely the same attitude and impartiality shown to other consumer goods. The one thing I always regret when restrictions are made is that moderate people are invariably the ones to be deprived.

There is a great deal of medical evidence to prove that a hard-working man who drinks beer moderately, not only nourishes his system, but relieves the nervous and physical strain of his busy day. No one will want to deprive him of this form of relaxation, nor to make its availability so difficult that a worker on a night shift will have to resort to a bootlegger to get his drink: It is important that in this part of the British Empire we retain as high a reserve as possible of physical and nervous energy. We must encourage every form of wholesome relaxation to relieve the strain of war.

So far as the army is concerned I am certainly not going to put myself in the position of saying that a soldier who is old enough to fight and kill is too young to choose his refreshments with good judgment. Here again the reputations of many are spoiled by the few.

It has been suggested to me that I should ban liquor and beer advertising but how could I in fairness do that when we continue to permit other manufacturers, whose goods are rationed or in short supply, to maintain their advertising in order that they may keep their trade names before the public. Furthermore, no one will want me to banish English and American periodicals from Canada. Most of them carry advertisements for brands on sale in this country. How could we ban such advertising in our own publications and allow them in those from the United States.

In conclusion let me say this: Everyone of us has his own ideas of what character our fast growing nation should develop. As our urban centres grow there are bound to be differences of opinion between people of some rural districts and those in the large cities of what civic rights shall be allowed to the people. Our laws must be so designed as to allow to each as much freedom of choice and self reliance as possible. Some sections of the population look askance on dancing, theatres, smoking, drinking and many types of literature.

Let us resolve therefore not to force the views of one section of the community on the other. When a reasonable self-reliant people have an unreasonable law imposed upon them they simply ignore that law with disastrous results to the legal institutions of the country. We learned this at bitter cost during prohibition years. The greatest friend of temperance would not want to greet our men's return from abroad with the evil spectacle of prohibition.

I am convinced we cannot force the principle of moderation but we can teach it. I appeal to all in this nation to be temperate in everything they do in order that we may exert the maximum impact on the enemy. In particular I appeal to brewers and distillers and those interested in true temperance to join forces and use every additional means at their disposal to spread the principle of moderation. I appeal to the provincial authorities to so frame the regulations for retail sale that the business will be conducted in the open and on the highest ethical standards and not driven underground and to the bootleggers. Surely this is an effort to which all parties can agree harmoniously.

Canadian Breweries Limited